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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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CHINESE GIRLS MASSING IN SHANGHAI STREETS TO AROUSE PATRIOTISM (*Associated Press Photo*)

A Cheerful Prophet

THE COMING AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By George Soule. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

HERE is a three-hundred page book, two hundred fifty pages of which are covered with an intelligent story of the development of the recent phases of the machine age in American life. Part first is a rather sophisticated chronology of the background of the spiritual development, and the economic reflection of that development during the earlier phases of our history. With this is set forth a theory of revolution. Mr. Soule's idea of revolution is not restricted to the raw head and bloody bones which the word generally conjures up. He sets forth revolution as an inevitable social process, with bloodshed and violence coming merely when the stream of social aspiration is dammed. Apparently he feels that the evolutionary processes in America have not been seriously checked. The second part of his discourse has to do with the subterranean changes which have been at work in America in the generation preceding that which enlisted for the Great War. And Mr. Soule writes this chapter as a sociologist rather than an economist; a sociologist who has intelligently interpreted statistically the signs and portents which engage the economist. The most important of all the chapters is the historical part third of the book, entitled "The Crisis of the Thirties." If history can be written finally without perspective, here is an understanding chronicle of the things which happened from October, 1929, until this book came dripping off the press; a good story told with reportorial swiftness and brevity and with something deeper than editorial wisdom.

This story may not hold up under the revelations which must come when the men die and memoirs boom over their tomb who were participants in these five crowded years. When Ogden Mills, Herbert Hoover, Raymond Moley, Samuel Insull, Charles Mitchell, Henry L. Doherty, the two Morgenthaus, Thomas Lamont, Franklin Roosevelt, Bernard Baruch, and scores of others, shall have gone to their

(*Continued on page* 779)

Revolutionists in a Novel of China

MAN'S FATE. By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by PEARL S. BUCK

THOSE of us who live with philosophy and equanimity among the Chinese people elsewhere than in Shanghai hear vaguely, it is true, of plottings and intrigues, sometimes revolutionary and sometimes counter-revolutionary, of foreign powers or individuals in various places. This novel gives body to the rumors by describing episodes in the lives of a few of these individuals, unrooted and adventurous, who live in Shanghai, and with them a smaller number of their Chinese associates. The author shows knowledge of his material, although it is the knowledge that a brilliant and glancing mind may obtain by a vivid but brief experience, rather than by actual and permanent life in any country or cause.

The character of a man or woman who is careless of death and detached from all the conventions of ordinary circumstances is always a subject fascinating to a writer. One feels in this book that the author was caught by the fascination, rather than by a profound belief in the cause which compels, presumably, the persons he has chosen to portray. It is interesting to see that in spite of the revolutionary purport of the book the most living portions are not those which show the characters in their passion for the revolution, but in other emotions. The frantic eroticism of the creature driven too nearly mad by a situation beyond his comprehension and management, the inescapable pity of a man for his sick child, begotten without love, and born of an ignorant, faithful woman who is in her simplicity something less than human, these and their like are shown with clarity and the hardness of reality.

But one is moved to conclude that the real interest of the author is not in that slow abysmal struggle now apparent in the depths of China's spirit, which has made several abortive attempts to come to fruition. This struggle is, in fact,

(*Continued on page* 782)

My Methods as a Historian

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS article is a flagrant offence against modesty. I have no illusions as to occupying a niche in the Hall of Fame as a historian. I have done the best work I could in the way that pleased me best, and have had much fun out of it and some profit by luck. But Dr. Canby has not asked me to write an article on what history is and how it should be written. What he insists upon is, to quote his disconcerting letter, "a highly personal statement by the writer as to his methods, his philosophy, and the rules he makes for his own game." He has asked authors in other fields to do the same. At the present writing, Mr. Harold Nicolson has already done it. With the natural timidity which might be anticipated, I therefore join what appears to be the highly respectable intellectually nudist colony of *The Saturday Review*. Having doffed all else I trust that no reader will think that I have retained even dogmatism.

Let us start with my personal philosophy of history. In the first place I do not believe that history is in any way a science. In fact, I believe that most of what are called the "social sciences" are misnamed. Of course it is a scientific age and we all pride ourselves on looking facts in the face instead of shooting them in the back. The conscientious historian wishes to establish his particular facts with the same meticulous care for accuracy with which an astronomer or a chemist establishes his, but science means more than that to most of us these days. It means not only a body of carefully established data but of facts which can be arranged in certain patterns which we call laws, so that under these laws we can make predictions, given groupings of facts to begin with. A few, a very few, historians have attempted to establish some simple laws for history but they have not been successful as yet and rather oddly the effort appears to be suspect even among those who assert the loudest that history is a science.

There are two essential differences between history and the genuine sciences. History, as it has always been written thus far, which is the only way we know how to write it, has been personal whereas science is impersonal. To use an illustration I have used elsewhere, it would be impossible to treat coral islands scientifically if instead of comparing one type of growth with another we wrote of them only in terms of the loves, hates, acts, and careers of the individual coral "insects" whose laid-down skeletons form the island (social) structure. Moreover, the "facts" of history, numerous as they are, are meager and unverifiable to an extent unknown in science. Man has probably existed for a million years. We have somewhat unsatisfactory records going back perhaps ten thousand, but mostly only about twenty-five hundred, for a small part of the total population. Suppose we had almost no facts for geology prior to Pericles. Again, any painstaking historian knows how difficult it is to establish certain facts, much less deductions from them, even where the evidence would seem to be ample. The historian has no blow-pipe or test-tube. He is a lawyer cross-examining witnesses. The astronomer with his worlds or the physicist with his atoms, does not have to take into account with his units: "All instincts immature, all purposes unsure."

Yet, if there is no real science of history as yet, there must clearly be something of a philosophy of history. I know the term is in bad repute but that does not make any difference. The thing simply must exist. The "facts" of history, in its brief span, are as innumerable as the grains of sand on a stretch of beach. In writing one of my books I went through over two thousand issues of one eighteenth century newspaper alone. In those ten or fifteen thousand pages there may have been a million "recorded facts," and that was only one item in my research for that one volume. The historian has to select, and in selecting those facts which hang together and make a pattern he must, consciously or unconsciously, have some philosophy to account for what makes some facts hang together and not others. If he believes exclusively in the economic theory of history he will concentrate on economic factors in his pattern. If he thinks religion has been a major factor he will include, stress, or concentrate on that. If he believes in "social forces" to the exclusion of "great men" he will largely ignore the latter; and so on.

My own philosophy, to dignify it thus, is that unless we admit that man is a mistake and that a purely animal existence is preferable to a human one, then there has been operative through the hundreds of thousands of years of our mostly unrecorded history a gradual advance, call it progress or what you will. There is much in modern life which I loathe with the deepest loathing, and if we pick out the high spots in the past and contrast them with the low spots of the present it is easy to make out a negative case. But taking it in the large, it seems to me that there has been a genuine advance for all classes. Most of those even at the bottom today, I think, would rather be what they are than a Neanderthal man, an Egyptian driven under the lash to build the pyramids, a Greek or Roman slave, or a serf under the feudal system. In other words, history is not like the weather. It is not meaningless. There is a thread, a movement to it, though what this force is which

This Week

THREE VERSIONS OF DANTE
A review by Leonard Bacon

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA
By CARL CARMER
Reviewed by Josephine Pinckney

MATADOR
By MARGUERITE STEEN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

LITERATURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE
By JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER
Reviewed by John Pierrepont Rice

THE THEORY OF WAGES
By PAUL DOUGLAS
Reviewed by Nathan Miller

Next Week or Later

A SOLDIER IN SCIENCE
By BAILEY K. ASHFORD
Reviewed by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

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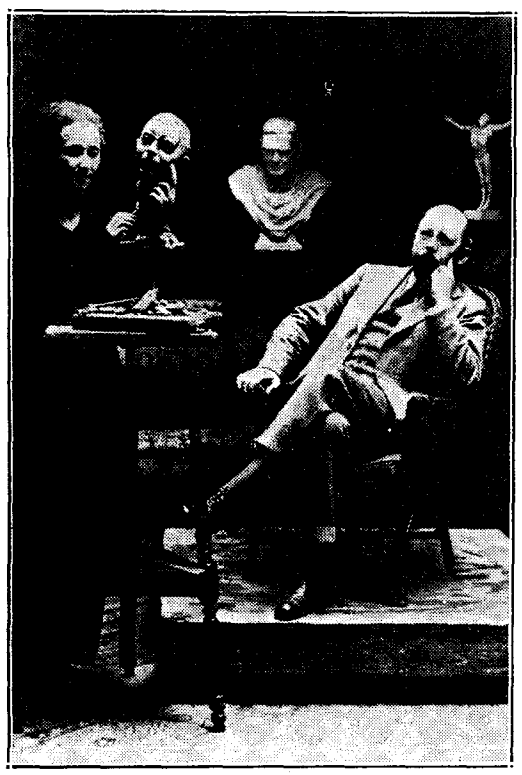
is developing society and the individual into something more complex, more comfortable, more intellectual, more interesting and interested, I do not know, any more than I know what happens when I put a seed in the ground and in the course of weeks have the flaming glory of a California poppy.

In general in seeking to make a pattern of any period of history I do not believe in the theory of any single or dominating cause. I do not believe in the economic or any other single theory of history. In my opinion, man is an extraordinarily complex organism, subject to all sorts of influences, impelled by all sorts of motives—religion, money, pride, ambition, love of adventure, intellectual curiosity, sexual love, hate, and others. I believe in the great man theory and at the same time in the influence of social forces even when as vague as the "great open spaces." I recall at the Peace Conference in Paris in 1918-19 a distinguished scientist saying to me after having been present at a meeting between X. Y. and Z. and seeing how certain important decisions—reverberating yet in the world—were reached, that no one need talk to him any more about "social forces" and the nullity of individuals. In my personal philosophy of history the great man and the social forces play much the same roles as in the case of individuals are played by environment and heredity. They both count.

We have not, as I have said, discovered any such laws in history as will allow us to predict the future, which is the real test of their accuracy and validity. All the historian can do is to select some brief period and within that try to tell the narrative of events, paint a picture of the times, or explain why such and such things happened. Or he may, from the philosophical standpoint, take a longer stretch and try to follow some thread of influence through the whole; in other words, try the experiment of making a hypothesis.

Indeed he has to make these at every turn. When he decides that for a certain piece of work the price of wheat, say, may be more relevant than a trial for heresy, he is making a hypothesis. There is no way of testing this as in science. The qualities of mind required to write sound history seem to me as much akin to those of the sensitive artist as to those of the scientist. This does not mean that history should be written as fiction. The historian cannot allow himself to say "on a sunny morning in June" when he has no evidence for its having been sunny, whereas the novelist can give us blue skies or a thunder storm. The historian must stick to his facts as he finds them, but in finding them and in weaving them together he needs not only the scientist's love of truth but delicate intuition, experience of men and affairs, and other qualities a scientist does not need in his work. Art rather than science comes into play, or what we might term an "experienced imagination." It is not chance that many of the greatest historians from Thucydides down have been men of wealth who have had opportunities of travel and mingling with the world of men in all its variety, and have themselves often been in public life or affairs. Unfortunately we cannot become wealthy by "taking courses," but I do believe that a mixing with the world is quite as important for a historian as forever poring over sources in a library. In my own case I specialized in my post-graduate work not in history but in psychology. Having then to make a living I spent thirteen years in business which taught me much of men and affairs and incidentally took me into all but five States of the Union. My experience in the war, working in the State Department, in the Army, and for some months at the Peace Conference, also taught me much as to how history is made. Then followed my self-teaching in writing, the six solid years I spent on my New England history without other occupation and without holidays. I have also been able to manage to travel and live for considerable periods in countries other than my own, in order to gain perspective and wider knowledge of human nature.

History may be written in various ways each of which serves a useful purpose. A broad division is into factual and interpretative. Of course interpretation must be based on facts, and factual narrative involves at least a minimum of interpretation, but there is a distinction between the two kinds. It is comparatively easy, provided one has industry, to amass facts from original research and arrange them on some sort of connective string. Moreover, for one who likes that sort of thing, and I do, it has a fascination, this hunting for new bits of knowledge in print or manuscript. It is also comparatively safe, for if careful one may make one's self unassailable as to facts and even become the man who knows most about some little corner of history. It is, moreover, eminently useful.



JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Sitting for a portrait bust by Suzanne-Silvercruys

But it seems to me that the ripest fruit of knowledge is to *interpret* facts, to try to find out how they are related and how they influence one another. This calls for wider background and far more concentration of thought. It is more dangerous, for one cannot prove one's interpretations by citations from "sources" and one is likely to be accused of being unscientific and "popular." I made an attempt to interpret in my "Epic of America." It was a serious effort and I had not the faintest idea it would prove a best seller. Because it is philosophical, or meant to be, it is considered in Europe as my most important book. It is the only one which, besides being published in England, has been translated into French, German, Danish, and Swedish. This has been not because it is regarded as popular narrative but as an interpretation of America to foreigners.

In the factual division there are also varieties of writing. There is the monograph embodying research on a particular topic and intended only for scholars. There is also the longer factual narrative which may run from one to a dozen volumes, based partly on original research and partly on secondary sources carefully chosen for accuracy. These may be written with the thought of a small selected group of readers or for the general public. It seems to me that all these and possibly other forms have their use and importance, when written in the spirit of scholarship. The highbrow should not sneer at a "popular" work nor should the lowbrow do the same at what appears to him a dry-as-dust monograph.

As to what are my "rules of the game" I may say that one does not definitely at a particular point in life lay down rules and ever after abide by them. One follows some lines consciously and to some extent circumstances set others for him. In general I think a historian should try his hand at several, if not all, of the types of writing I have named. No historian is worth his salt who has not learned the nature of historical facts by hard spade work in original research. Moreover, he owes it, in a sense, to others who do it and on whose shoulders he must always heavily lean, to do his own share of this essential but financially unremunerative work. But unless he is something of a genius he will tend to have no wider views than a genealogist or an antiquarian if he does not turn his eyes at times from the minute examination of a particular topic, locality, or brief period. I have deliberately tried my hand at different sorts of work and shall continue to do so. I have written a few very short monographs, or monographic articles. My first two New England volumes were practically wholly written from the sources, and my "Provincial Society" chiefly so. "The Adams Family" was partly interpretative and "The Epic" intended to be mainly of that type, as is also my new book to appear in October. On the other hand, "The March of Democracy" was meant to be factual narrative, and I may be permitted to add here that in spite of what a few reviewers have said as to the unexpected success of "The Epic" having "lured" me to write another "popular book," I had signed the contract to write "The March" before I had written a word of "The Epic." With the two contracts in hand it was a question which I should write first. I may say that the choice of type and subject may depend on circumstances. There are times when one has access to great libraries and so can do research; there are others when one has not and has to rely to a much greater extent on his own resources at home.

Whatever one writes I believe should be made as readable as one can make it. Unfortunately style no more than wealth comes for the seeking but to make a book as readable as possible is not striving for popularity but a duty owed to the reader, even though few of us can attain to a fine or even a good style. On the other hand, I do not believe at all in the historical or biographical schools which strive for interest and which continually pass and repass between fact and pure assumption, often without indicating to the reader where the boundary lies. No American historian has been more readable than Parkman, yet few have stood the test of a half century better than he as to accuracy of fact.

Although I believe in trying different ways of writing and different approaches to our material, one gradually comes to realize that one's peculiar type of mind is perhaps better for some things than others. Nevertheless I think one ought to change and experiment. I have now written four books which take a big sweep through long periods. What I want to do next, for a complete change of approach, method, and thought, is a biography in which I shall have ample space to consider the mind of one historical character and its stamp on the nation. If life is not to become stereotyped it must continue to be experimental.

On the other hand I think that one should turn garnered knowledge to account and not go too far out of one's field. Interesting as I might find the life of some foreigner, I think it would be a mistake to carry experimenting so far as to sacrifice all the background I have acquired for American topics.

In American history I believe in a completely unsectional attitude. We are today all Americans, and to adopt a provincial point of view or a sectional defence-mechanism is to invalidate the value of one's work. In this my family background has been useful to me. Settled in America since 1658, we have lived in both South and North and for four generations in foreign countries—South America, the West Indies, and various countries of Europe—for considerable intervals at a time. I am thoroughly American but my father was born in South America; and though myself born in New York my memory begins in France although I have lived over nine-tenths of my life at home. Strongly rooted in the American spirit I am thus not deeply entwined by connection or prejudice with any one locality, and this has been a stroke of luck for me in carrying out my theory of trying to be unbiased.

I do not go into the mechanics of how I take my notes or build up the architecture of a book. We all grow into certain methods, and what happens to suit me might be of no use to others. In any case the method differs somewhat depending on the type of work. If I am doing an article or book which can and should depend wholly upon original research among the sources, it will obviously be different from another sort in which the problem comes down more to the selection of secondary works and monographs written by others. No one, not even Channing, has ever yet succeeded in writing the entire history of the United States from primary sources, and the task has now passed beyond the realm of possibility unless science vastly extends the span of life.

As to debunking I do not believe in it simply for amusement or sensationalism. On the other hand, I believe in telling the truth about a public character when failure to do so will result in misinterpretation of important points or unfairly deprive other characters in contact with him of their proper share of praise. For example, to allow it to pass for truth that all the soldiers, officers, and Congressmen with whom Washington dealt were high-souled patriots and able men would be unduly to belittle the real achievements of Washington himself and others.

These are some of the thoughts which come to me as I envisage my own attitude as to the writing of history. The article is not intended to be general or dogmatic. It describes a personal reaction to a personal task.

* *

James Truslow Adams, whose "Founding of New England" won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1922, and whose "The Epic of America" has been one of the most popular historical works of recent years, began his career as member of a Stock Exchange firm. He was a member of Colonel House's Commission to prepare data for the Peace Conference early in the war, and later was in the Intelligence Division of the United States Army. A new book by him, entitled "America's Tragedy," is to be issued this year.

Scale

By J. I. N. NEUGASS

THE auroral winds that swing above the polar ice
Also make telephone wires ring long sobs above
Deserted roadsides; the curving winds sweep upwards
High through the bare luminence into the half-light.
Along other curved paths great expensive automobiles
Rush over the earth's hills; inside other flow-lines
Thick weights revolve as a steamer slashes through
Ocean water, fat turbines roaring inside in darkness.
The glacier, forcing a valley into a mountainside,
Moves a few inches in a year; the sizzling dynamo,
That swings bulks of steel in an unvarying circle,
Night and day, season after season, empties into a
One inch-thick wire as dead-looking as a black twig.
The delirious noise of a hound and panther fighting
Would not be heard inside a volcano; all summer long
In the heat the mandibles of a locust pulsing make
A whole hill of pine trees vibrate, without sound.
Under their well-known dreaming spires the Oxford
Colleges lie almost quiet under the mild Oxford sky
Like tops gone to sleep spinning; on a South-sea island
Where no palm-trees grow, four enormous stone faces
Carved by what dead man's hand? look out to sea, beam,
Stare seawards over the dying centuries, out to sea.

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Three Versions of Dante

DANTE ALIGHIERI, LA DIVINA COMMEDIA. The Italian Edited by H. Oelsner, English Translations by T. A. Carlyle, Thomas Okey, and P. H. Wicksteed. New York: E. P. Dutton. $2.10.

DANTE'S INFERNO. A Version in the Spenserian Stanza. By George Musgrave. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.

DANTE'S INFERNO. With a translation into English Triple Rhyme by Laurence Binyon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE reviewer has undertaken to notice these three books with an unusually acute sense of his own limitations. More than an amateur knowledge of Italian, more even than a natural and genuine enthusiasm for Dante, is required. How pass on these performances, and what is there left to say about Dante? Nevertheless here goes.

The Dutton Edition hardly requires to be mentioned except to say once more that we may thank God for a depression which has given us the works of so many great writers in such convenient and inexpensive form. The Carlyle-Okey-Wicksteed version remains the simplest and one of the most effective translations. It has escaped the pitfalls of a verse rendering and reduced the limitations of prose to the ultimate minimum. The notes and the brief explanatory essays are helpful without being obtrusive, and if the volume had such an index of names and things as is to be found in any good Italian edition, it would be a practically perfect book. As it is, any English-speaking addict of Dante must possess it, and to offer it in its present shape at the present price is a public benefit.

The late Mr. Musgrave's translation of the "Inferno" is a reissue of a book first published in 1893. It is done into Spenserian stanzas, which on the whole lend themselves very well to his purpose of finding a medium more grateful to the English ear than the terza rima, which after a hundred attempts still has something vaguely exotic about it. Mr. Musgrave has made a gravely graceful version. It is smooth and competent; but it is perhaps best to say that the book has the historical interest of a work written to please the world of Burne-Jones and Sebastian Evans. How soon that world became history!

Mr. Binyon's attack on the "Inferno" is different. Deliberately, and, one may say, heroically, he has undertaken to reproduce for us the form and as far as possible the pressure of the original. For this he is well equipped. A glance at one of his pages reveals a brilliant virtuoso in verse and a man with a sound knowledge of his poet. He has done extraordinarily well, and seems never to lack either resource or courage, the latter extending to the splendid effrontery of printing his version face to face with the original. From such a confrontation, he comes off as well as is humanly possible. I do not mean that he ever equals his poet. But he can and frequently does rise within measurable distance of original altitudes, which is much more than can be said of most competitors. Again and again by the sure artifice of sticking as close to Dante's words as the act of translation permits, he pleases, or rather satisfies, by his apt solution of problems which have been the despair of his predecessors. An enormous number of his verses are fine English lines, and never for a moment do you forget that it is a poet, even at a long interval, who is translating a poet, himself fully determined to lose no detail of beauty that can possibly be saved. This reviewer would call it magnificent and let it go at that, were it not for the major difficulty intrinsic in translating Dante, and for some elements intrinsic in Mr. Binyon.

Acute minds long ago recognized that the principal difficulty about translating a greater writer was that it couldn't be done. Traduttore—traditore, and all that. Dante it seems furthermore is worse than the others. The dilemma of the translator may on the whole be best explained by an anecdote concerning the late Professor Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, at a moment when he was engaged in the grisly function of examining a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. One of the desperate places in Aristophanes had been adduced to confound the examinee. "Herr Candidat," said the old philologist, "You know what this passage means. I know what it means. Yet neither of us can translate it. Now what does it mean?" This puts symbolically and succinctly the difficulty of transferring implications from one language to another. There is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, and the same thing alters terribly according as it is viewed by one or other of the two lights. Omar Khayyam is said to be finer verse in English than it is in its native Persian. But somehow no one has succeeded in doing this to Dante.

The reasons, of course, are too obvious. Dante in some 18,000 lines has treated many things, sometimes of universal significance and sometimes not merely local but actually unimportant, with incredible felicity of language and rhythm. He rises, it is true, with his subject. Sameness is not his failing. But he has so much lift that even very trivial things are exalted (you might say they cease to be trivial) when he happens to deal with them. The passion of Francesca, the anguish of Ugolino, it goes without saying, are independent of time and language. Translated by a schoolboy those passages are overwhelmingly significant and pathetic. But what about Rusticucci and Tegghiaio and Guglielmo Borsiere, or even Adam of Brescia? In vain the translator implies a parallel with the contemporary barrator or the contemporary inflationist. His coin will be falser than Adam of Brescia's. Terrifying and moving as the original, full of connotation to this day for the Italian, may continue to be, somehow the stuff won't jell in English. And there is no speech or language into which the *dolce stilo* can be transferred. The translator is confronted by the overwhelming fact of a writer whose powers were so enormous as to give unearthly dignity to the transitional and the incidental. And no translator can rise to this height, for if he could, he would not be a translator at all. He would be a first-rate authentic genius, himself a Dante, occupied with individual problems appropriate to his powers.

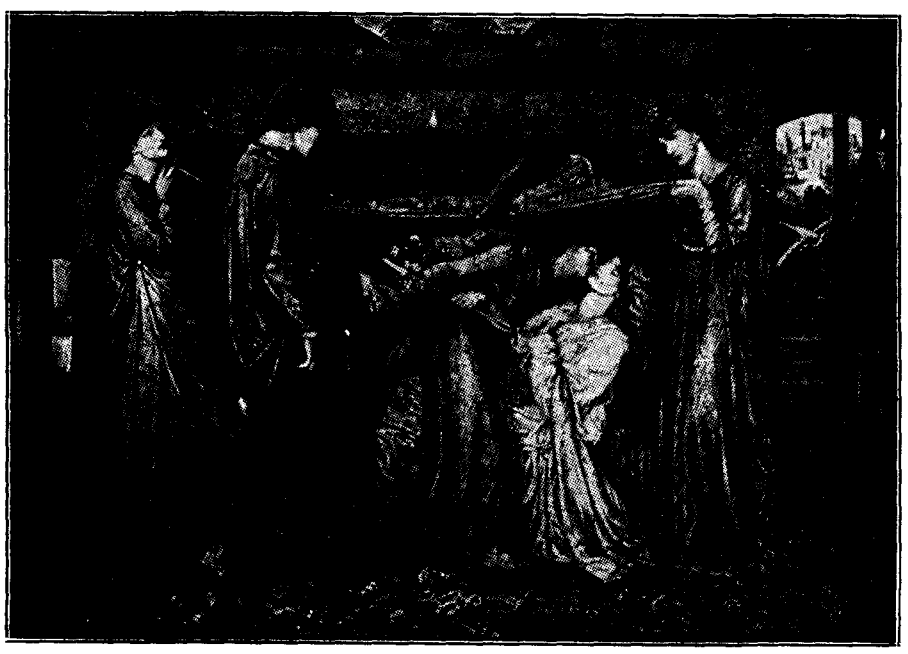
To blame Mr. Binyon, or any of his compeers for failure to cope with this primary difficulty would be unjust. But on those less fortunate aspects of his version which seem due to his own private idiosyncrasy, some strictures may be permitted. I wish to Heaven he had not allowed himself to be seduced by the vulgar modern heresy of unaccented rhyme, as for example:

> When I had marked some few among the press,
> I chanced the shade of him to recognize,
> Who made the great refusal from meanness.

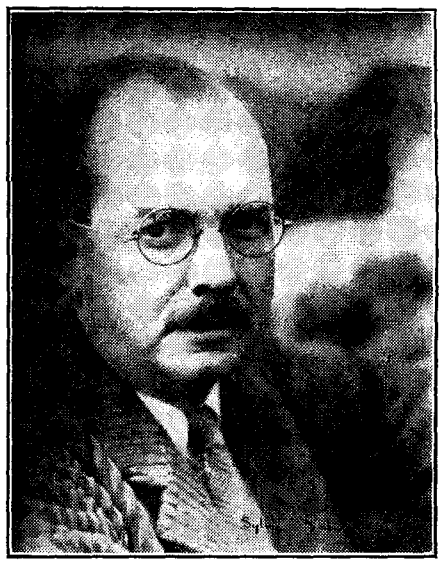
From meanness! *per viltà!* He defends this sort of thing in his foreword. But it is ugly and unnatural to me, and runs, I further believe, definitely counter to what a translation of Dante ought to be, particularly if that translation, by hypothesis, keeps as near to the original form as possible. A small blemish, if you like, but not less real for being small.

My second condemnation I am inclined to connect with Mr. Binyon's peculiar virtues, his learning, his familiarity with the poetry of many peoples, in short with his extensive literary background. He knows the splendor and magnitude of his man and this obfuscates his dealings with him. No translator of Dante known to me has escaped it entirely, and the better equipped they are the less they escape it. The minute a man undertakes the task he begins laying himself open to the charge. He writes as one conscious of huge responsibility. He pontificates for Dante. Everything is suddenly high seriousness—and so high and so serious. Yet something tells me that Dante is a writer whose power is in part derived from being preternaturally natural in his manner of speech, who may speak the common idiom glorified, but still the common idiom.

These objections stated, and better judges might not sustain them, it is agreeable to end on a pleasanter note. Mr. Binyon has come nearer to making a fine English poem out of the "Inferno" than any of his modern competitors. At the same time he has kept miraculously close to the original. To have paid so noble a tribute to the noblest of poets must be, to an artist of Mr. Binyon's perceptions and powers, in itself a sufficient satisfaction.



"DANTE'S DREAM"—*From the painting by Rossetti*



GEORGE SOULE

A Cheerful Prophet

(*Continued from first page*)

long reward and their lives and letters shall have been stored in the archives of history we may learn that something undreamed of in our contemporaneous philosophy happened in those five years which saw the Coolidge boom change into the Hoover depression, something that Mr. Soule and today's chronicles do not comprehend. But so far as men now know and so far as they may reasonably guess, the story which Mr. Soule has told in this chapter, "The Crisis of the Thirties," is in the main the truth. No one has told this story better than he. Few have told it with so much perspicacity and insight. And some of his conclusions surely will stand in the day of judgment in the 1960's, when this generation has passed on.

But the last sixth of the book, the "coming revolution," is an attempt at prophecy. "And I heard a voice from Heaven crying!" No one can blame a man with as fine an insight upon things as they are as Mr. Soule's, for falling into prophecy, even as Silas Wegg casually drops into poetry. All the boys are doing it. The market place this summer is filled with the clamor of prophecy. Walter Lippmann, Lewis Mumford, Charles Beard, George E. S. Gatlin have taken out prophet's licenses and all of the sad young men are looking sagely into the grindstone, giving us that "sure word that shineth more and more." St. John on the Isle of Patmos, chatting with his angel, writing his book to send to the Seven Churches, must have had about the same lustful yearning to lift the veil and proclaim the events that were to occur under the sixth seal that these young prophets have to ride forth like the circus herald in a country town crying "lookout for your horses, the steam Calliope is coming."

Apparently this is the day of the Pentecost, the grand day for prophets, and why not? Many of these young prophets blow all the woes of the fifth, sixth, and seventh trumpets. They prod the two-horned beast and start a merry sociological menagerie frolicking over this fair land tramping our modern civilization to extinction.

But Mr. Soule is a cheerful prophet and is more or less candid about the inadequacy of his prophet's license. He says, on page 266, that the rest of his volume will be devoted to "frankly speculative guesses, but still guesses founded in part on verified experiences—concerning the course by which the adjustment may be completed." He sees nothing inevitably foreboding, nothing worse than inflation by expansion of the currency or governmental spending. The pulsing heart of his revolution would probably be quieted if we could have "more equal distribution of income, progressively increased production and standards of living, greater stability of the economic system, and more security for everyone." Apparently he feels that because of our overwhelming middle class there is no chance for a communistic revolution such as that which is making over Russia. Evidently he fears fascism more keenly than communism. For the seeds of fascism are deep in our American life. Mr. Soule does not see blood in the gutters. Forty years ago men were more realistic. Governor Waite, of Colorado, expected to ride "in blood to his bridle" if the Populist reforms were not achieved. Most of them have been achieved.

But today in a less emotional era these young men from our college cloisters are not sounding the trumpets of woe. Evidently they believe in the peaceful revolution through evolutionary processes. Armageddon passed with the first Roosevelt, and apparently there is no desire now to apportion to "the wicked the punishment due to their sins."

If these few remarks seem to treat lightly the outgivings of our young prophets, let it be understood that these lines are written with great respect for their vision. Their prophecies reflect their hopes. They see in the grindstone their own aspirations imaged there. But these are good and comely. The world will be better if forty years from now these young prophets may find their forward-looking visions realized in their backward glimpsing dreams. But who knows? There are too many X's in the equation. No one knows. No one can tell. Prophecy is a pleasurable but a futile occupation. It reveals the prophet more surely than it foretells the future. And so if there be prophecies and if they shall fail, it is better for the world that they are proclaimed. For Phoenix-like from the ashes of the visions of young men rises tomorrow's truth.

And here's the final verdict: "The coming American Revolution" is worth any man's money.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A Gospel for Youth

The last devotions to Alma Mater have been made, the last snake dance writhed its way, and fresh thousands of youth have been thrust from the security of the universities into a world which perforce turns a cold shoulder to their eagerness. Poor youth, all dressed up in the habiliments of a degree, and nowhere to go. Bitter, indeed, is this predicament in which the young stand, chafing for a career at a moment when the normal expectations of a job, and promotion, and success have so tragically declined. All that young self-confidence, that determination to win, that impatience with what is, and half-pathetic, half-amusing cocksureness as to what should be, that are the inalienable characteristics of youth, have now so often nothing but disappointments on which to feed, that the disgruntlement of youth with its world has become a factor which no right thinking community can afford to ignore. It was neither Mussolini nor Hitler who discovered how malleable a force youth is—the Catholic Church proclaimed it long before either of them had turned it to his purposes—but Mussolini and Hitler have given their day an object lesson in what can be achieved in appallingly brief time by the adroit manipulation of the discontent and volatile emotions of the young.

If the youth movement in America has lagged behind that in other countries, and to date it hardly deserves the name here, it is not because the young men and women of the United States are less vocal or less aware of their capabilities than those of other lands, but because until recently their path has been so smooth a one that they have felt no need of enlisting in a common effort for their own enfranchisement or advancement. Certainly the case of European youth has long been different from our own. Anyone who knew the Germany of before the war will recall the surly feeling that possessed many of its young people—the rebellion against parental authority that was brewing, the warfare on social conventions that was under way. To one who was aware of it the complete abandon with which post-war German youth threw itself into the business of self-emancipation could be no surprise. Nor can it now seem strange that Nazi propaganda has had its way with the enthusiasm thus released and seeking a cause. The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, and a Hitler make pernicious doctrine seem Holy Writ to the emotions of youth.

As yet such youth movement as we have in this country is weak and loosely organized. Even today youth in America is discouraged rather than militant. The generation of the war and immediately post-war years, the disillusioned youth who awoke from dreams of peace to find that reality and *Realpolitik* had betrayed them, placed the blame on their elders and leaders, rather than on the order of society or government as such. But their successors are going further and deeper, and what began as revolt and denunciation may before long turn into political action. How will such action swing? There's the rub. And there's the danger or the hope of the future, and the sacred opportunity of the present. Sooner or later youth here as elsewhere will be forced by circumstance, or example, or inclination to cohere, and when that happens a new group for idealists or politicians to play upon will have come to the fore. Already, we understand, that fact is being taken cognizance of by writers. Mr. Pitkin, whose forthcoming book* we have not read beyond the fourth page, has, we see at a glance, uttered a trumpet call to the young to take stock of their might. No time is too soon, indeed, to strive to give right direction to the fervor which any consolidation of the forces of youth is certain to release, for, just as nothing could bode greater good to the public weal than were youth to cast its strength to wise purpose, so nothing could mean more danger to the state than the ardor of youth unleashed without goal and ready to the hand of determined and unscrupulous minds. Literature, like all other forces of contemporary life, has its work cut out for it in this battle for the swaying of youth. And as with that of all other forces, its impact must be on youth itself. What we need is a gospel for youth. Where is the prophet of the new day?

* THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. By Walter B. Pitkin. To be issued in August by Simon & Schuster.

"I WANT A TIE THAT WILL KEEP ME IN THE BACKGROUND AT A LITERARY TEA."

Letters to the Editor: *In Defense of Bernard DeVoto; A Young Man Discovers Keats*

Sound and Fury

SIR:—Who is the fiery crusader lined up with Malcolm Cowley against the devastating barbs of Bernard De Voto? Shakespeare once wrote a little quip containing the words "sound and fury," and though the context was a bit different, the application is pertinent in both cases.

As a matter of fact, Mr. DeVoto's article on Mr. Cowley's book was no more malicious than the examination of white mice by a scientist is malicious. Mr. Cowley is a measuring stick of a well-known quantity—in Mr. DeVoto's eyes—and plays a role in the diagnosis similar to red blotches in a case of measles.

More than that, Mr. DeVoto's article was well done, and soundly developed from a critical angle. It is easy to see what he means when he says that Edgar Rice Burroughs is more significant from a sociological standpoint than Kathleen Norris. It is also easy to see why such a statement would be maddeningly equivocal to one with "crystallized ideas."

You were quite right in devoting five columns of space in your admirable periodical to Mr. DeVoto's essay. I question your judgment, however, in allowing so much space to the indignant correspondent.

D. E. LAYMAN.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Keats As Spark Plug

[*To a young man who remarked that he had never been able to get from poetry the thrill he expected, one of our editors lent a copy of the Letters of John Keats as a stimulant. The following reply shows that the prescription took hold.—The Editors.*]

SIR:—It would be impossible for me to set down everything I have gleaned from the letters of John Keats. I have been left with a riot of thoughts which will not, at this writing, be still long enough for me to examine them. But there are one or two strong enough and clear enough to be put into words, and the chiefest of these is this: I have realized for perhaps the first time in all my twenty-one years, the vital spark—the personality behind the printed word. If I may paraphrase Edwin C. Hill, I am beginning for the first time to understand the "Human Side of Literature."

I enjoyed my companionship with Keats through his letters. I feel now that I have known him intimately, and that I am personally interested in his work. I reread "St. Agnes' Eve," and was pleasantly surprised to find that the thoughts assumed an added charm, when I realized the man behind them—the man as human as you or I, as interested in affairs about him, as much composed of doubts and fears and little happinesses; the man who loved whist and prize-fights and walking (how far he would have walked to see the Baer-Carnera battle!) and convivial company and "pretty tipple." I shall never again read a line of Keats without picturing all these things and through them discovering that spark which I have lacked, and which is so necessary to a full enjoyment of poetry.

The last years of his autobiography affected me most, I think. How bravely and unsuccessfully he fought off the gloom which slowly enveloped him! How unselfish he was! Severn's account of his last days is one of the most pitiful and touching things I have ever read.

Perhaps I am wrong, but I have seen, I think, what you wanted me to see—the human interest behind literature. Hereafter I shall endeavor to learn something of a writer's life before attempting to read his work. Literature, in sooth, has always been to me a genial giant, who laughingly bowled me over whenever I approached within striking distance. From now on, however, I think I shall be able to stand on my own two feet! G. L.

New York City.

Hail Hale

SIR:— Mr. Hale's "Radicals in Strait-Jackets" is a notable bit of straight thinking about a much-muddled and usually over-emotionalized theme. A fine job. Thanks.

BERNARD DEVOTO.

Lincoln, Mass.

Bookplate Census

SIR:—The American Society of Bookplate Collectors and Designers, founded in 1922, having its permanent collection in the Library of Congress, Washington, by its Secretary, the undersigned and Mrs. Clara T. Evans, Librarian, War Memorial Library, Columbia University, New York, is making a census of bookplate collections in public, college, and university libraries.

In order to make this census as complete as possible it asks the cooperation of librarians generally, that all libraries interested in the subject matter may be represented. Answers to the following questions are desired: 1. How particular collection was acquired: by gift, will or otherwise. 2. Is such collection available to the interested public for study. 3. How the collection is arranged. 4. Is the collection being increased, and if so what means are being used: are prints purchased, or exchanged with collectors.

The result of this census will appear as a publication of the Society.

Letters from librarians should be addressed to Mrs. Clara T. Evans, 601 Avery Hall, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

CARLYLE S. BAER, Secretary.

Washington, D. C.

"Going Somewhere"

SIR:—I wonder if there are others who agree with me that Max Ewing's "Going Somewhere" (Knopf, 1933) is a masterpiece of satiric humor? Much as I feel that I keep in touch with things, I don't recall that any fuss was made over the book at the time of publication; and it is worth a dozen "L'Affaire Jones" (for example) in its vitality, characterization, and implication. The author has an amazing gift for using the obvious and commonplace as material for satire—in one instance he merely lists the magazine titles that one of his characters buys. Yet the impact of this simple device, when considered in its relationship to the book, is scathing, and very funny.

Who, please, is Max Ewing? What else has he done? What was the critical reception of "Going Somewhere"? My copy cost me thirty-five cents at a sale, when it seems the book should be still holding its own.

ROBERT DE LANY.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Inimitable Jane

SIR:—I wish to applaud Elizabeth Fry's suggestion that all good Janeites declare themselves. Here is one who can tell you how Mr. Woodhouse liked his pork cooked and who after all other anodynes fail can go to sleep happily after a sojourn in Mansfield Park.

How many are familiar with O. W. Firkins's delightful lines to the "inimitable Jane"? They are too long to be given in their entirety, but there are two stanzas that I cannot choose between.

O little world so trim and flat,
Where Fate must straighten his cravat,
And Death himself must use the mat,
  Ere they could entrance gain!
Thine earth a box of mignonette,
A bird-cage in a window set,
A shelved and shapely cabinet,
  Inviolable Jane!

Lightly through time thy figure trips,
Skirt lifted where the highway dips,
Thy brow now crinkled, now thy lips,
  As mirth rules or disdain:
The barred and bolted centuries
Thou frontest with unerring keys,
The "Park," the "Abbey," "Emma"—these
  Shall swift admission gain:
And if the porter claim a fee,
Fling "Pride" or "Sensibility":
The flattered door shall ope for thee,
  Imperishable Jane!

ALICE DYAR RUSSELL.

South Pasadena, Calif.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

MATADOR. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Little, Brown.* A novel of Spain.

A SOLDIER IN SCIENCE. By BAILEY K. ASHFORD. *Morrow.* The autobiography of the discoverer of hookworm in Porto Rico.

MEDICINE: A Voyage of Discovery. By JOSEF LÖBEL. *Farrar & Rinehart.* A survey of the interrelation of the various branches of medicine.

This Less Recent Book:

HEAT LIGHTNING. By HELEN HULL. *Coward-McCann.* A tale of family life.

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A "Furriner" Writes of Life in Alabama

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA. By Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

CARL CARMER'S description of the State of Alabama is both biased and impartial. "I have chosen to write of Alabama," he says, in a foreword, "as a strange country in which I once lived and from which I have now returned." Throughout the book he writes as a traveler to foreign parts, and a Southerner with a bias of his own might perhaps be permitted to question a few of the standards which he applies.

Yet the account is by no means unsympathetic. On the contrary the author of it apparently enjoyed himself thoroughly while collecting his material, made devoted friends there, and says in another place, "I found myself, if not a born Southerner, born to be a Southerner." He recounts his experiences with an admirable objectivity; he even relates the native view of many controversial subjects on which his friend there doubtless accused him of having damyankee prejudices. Only the events he chooses to record, the juxtaposition of his material, denote a pair of eyes adjusted to a different landscape.

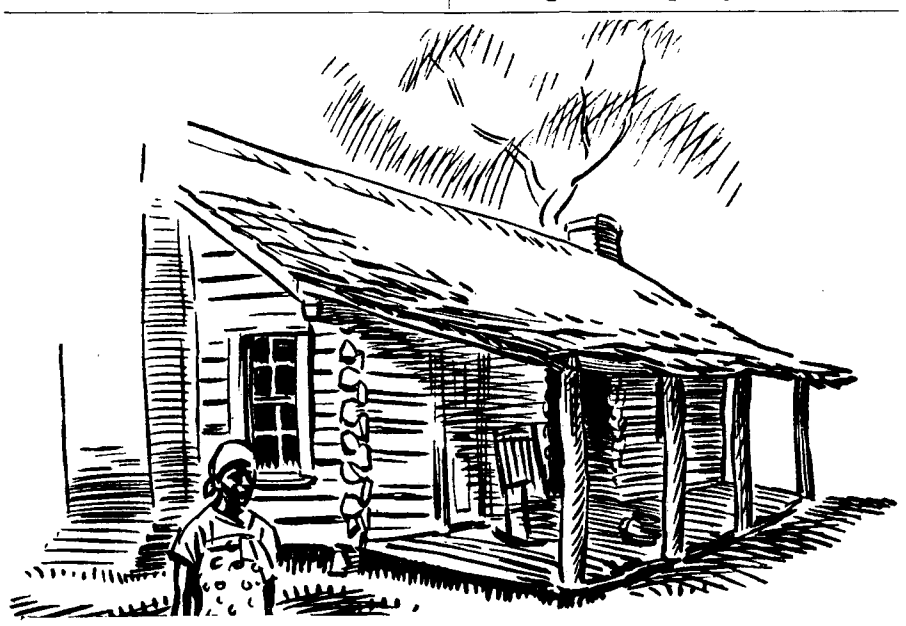
These sectional differences unquestionably exist, and for this we may be thankful without necessarily admiring all the ways in which Alabama differs from her sisters in the Union. The various manifestations of her culture are recorded in this book with appreciative exactness. In a section at the end Mr. Carmer has included lists from his notebook supplementing certain chapters. For example, his chapter on the fiddlers' convention is supplemented by a long list of fiddlers' tunes, their names redolent of the homespun frolics of the mountaineers. The names of the quilt-patterns refute the common assumption that these people are clods without knowledge or imagination. Mattie Sue, his "hill-billy" hostess, had been obliged by her father to make one hundred quilts before she was allowed to get married. The Biblical patterns were to be expected—Star of Bethlehem, Tree of Paradise,—but the political patterns are more refreshing: Lincoln's Platform, Radical Rose and Whig Rose—shades of Lancaster and York!

There are also notes on negro superstitions and those of the poor whites. Many of these are common to other Southern States as well as that from which the book takes its title. This somewhat vitiates Mr. Carmer's rather obviously poetic trope that the malevolent spell cast by the falling stars is responsible for the dye of lawlessness and bigotry in the blood of Alabamians, though the reflection that the same vices occur in other States on which the stars fell makes this criticism seem captious. A more prosaic conjecture on the reason for this violence is that the South, cut off for so long by poverty from "progress," to wit good roads, automobiles, and ten-cent stores, and being by nature slow to change, has retained a feudal psychology. The story of the Sims clan, barricading themselves in their stronghold, raiding their enemies' houses, and finally being hanged en masse by their aroused neighbors, reads like a tale of the Scottish border. In spite of their record of bloodshed, the Simses were not ordinary criminals; a love of individualism (which included the individual's right to make, drink, and sell liquor) was a tough thread in the twisted strand of their motives, and a quotation from Sims's Journal inveighing against the destruction of personal liberty by the government might pass for the remarks of Mr. Ogden Mills on the New Deal.

Mr. Carmer has collected many dramatic stories of all classes of people, vignettes of the fine plantation houses of the black lands and their owners, of the negroes who live precariously among them, of the mountain people, of the French settlers along the southern coast, and of that little band of Napoleonic exiles who tragically failed to establish a vine and olive culture on the unwilling soil beside the Tombigbee river.

The author wisely sets forth without comment his personal knowledge of those manifestations of Alabama life supposedly resulting from the malevolence of the stars. Night riders, lynchers, outlaws, and certain of the "best people" who are not averse to bloodshed are left to stand on their records.

Occasional solecisms will annoy the lover of exact prose and the style descends at intervals into sentimentality, but it is pleasantly colloquial. The publishers have made a nice book with a thick white paper and clear type, a page altogether pleasant to the eye. The Baldridge illustrations are not interesting.



SLAVE CABIN—DRAWING BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
From "Stars Fell on Alabama."

In a French Family

THE HOUSE IN THE HILLS. By Simone Ratel. Translated from the French by Eric Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.50.

TWO almost unrelated impressions flow side by side in this book. One, the less significant, is of a triangle plot. A sensitive woman who is peculiarly devoted in her relations with her children and at the same time is unsympathetically treated by a husband absorbed to an abnormal degree in scientific pursuits, has no question as to the holding of her steady course when a lover appears who might fill all the long-standing blank in her married life. Her husband's ways of egotism and actual inhumanity are the weak part of this side of the book. There are a few chapters, too, of a mechanical handling of the resolution of the plot; but, since all is well written and never descends to the sensational, these elements may be forgotten for the sake of others.

The second channel in which the reader's interest is carried—more naturally and with a really moving quality—runs through a delightful panorama of child life in a French country home. These children are as alive, as irrepressible, as the Bastables; they are also, all three, wonderfully differentiated, and the absorbed life of imagination, of humorous fantasy, and of warm affection which their mother shares with them—(in one case she is aunt, not mother)—possesses a rarely touching and vital quality.

Sons of the Bull-Ring

MATADOR. By Marguerite Steen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DON JOSÉ DÍAZ MÁRQUEZ had, by his trick of crossing the bull-ring on tiptoe, earned for himself the sobriquet of El Bailarín—The Dancer. He had been a famous Spanish Matador, and now lived in Granada. He had married a rich wife who, when she died, left him three sons. Don José, after fourteen years of fame, retired to the life of an independent gentleman.

Miss Steen's novel concerns Don José and his three sons, all of quite different character. When the novel opens, Don José has been a widower for eleven years. His eldest son, Pepe, who is betrothed, is his father's pride. He intends his son to be a matador like himself. People are already calling Pepe, Bailarinito. Miguel, the second son, born a cripple, is being trained for the priesthood. Juan, the youngest, still a schoolboy, is gentle, and secretly abhors the bull-ring. Pilár, the granddaughter of the strange old Doña Mercédes Borrás who lives on the Alhambra Hill, is the affianced of Pepe.

DRAWING BY ROBERTO DOMINGO
From "Belmonte the Matador" (Smith & Haas).

Pilár does not wish to marry Pepe Diaz, actually. It has all been arranged for her. She is naturally religious, wishing to find God, and her attitude dismays her betrothed. Pepe leaves her, to take part in the bull-fighting at Badajos, and Don José, reading newspaper accounts of his performances, finds doubts cast upon his son's valor. In his rage at this, and agony, he seeks Pilár by instinct. He is drawn toward her as to a wayside shrine, and his entirely innocent visit to her comforts him. Then first he learns that his son Miguel has deserted the priesthood and become a revolutionist, and decides that he is atoning in his sons for the sins of his past. Juan, meanwhile, is ordered home from San Pedro, and after his return by accident acquits himself rather well in the *capea* or bull-fight in the village square. Don José's attention is drawn toward his youngest son. He wants to send Juan to Málaga, to learn bull-fighting, but Juan tells him he wishes to be a poet. Don José takes Pilár, whose grandmother has died, into his household as his own daughter. Pepe arrives in a Hispano-Suiza, now but a third-rate matador, accompanied by a cheap American woman, apparently rich, whom he intends to marry. He is through with Pilár. Don José decides to marry Pilár and buy a country property. Then all go to see Pepe, or Bailarinito, in a bull-fight in Granada. He fights clumsily, and is killed. Miguel also witnesses this fight. After it, there is a meeting between him and Juan, in which Juan declares that he can never go to Málaga, that he is terrified of bulls, that he doubts his abilities as a poet, that Pilár does not care for him; and he urges Miguel to kill him. Miguel, instead, braces him up, dedicates him to the service of mankind, and he departs with his brother for Madrid and the revolution. Don José removes to Aguadero, but he does not marry Pilár. He takes her with him as his daughter. He has lost his three sons; it has aged him. He now turns for spiritual consolation to Pilár. Felipa, his faithful mistress, goes with them.

The background, atmosphere, characterization in this novel are all excellent. The author knows thoroughly the position of a matador in Spain; and she knows both the old and the new Spain, the mysticism, the brutality, the new insurgence. Don José, with all his faults, is a greatly sympathetic character, and the three sons in their separate ways, are strongly delineated. Pilár is an extraordinary, and an utterly indigenous, heroine. The conflict of personalities in the book is handled with great expertness. There seems little to criticize. The story is exciting and moving, honest and realistic.

Tragedy on Cape Cod

SUN ON THEIR SHOULDERS. By Elizabeth Eastman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THIS novel by Elizabeth Eastman is not to be summed up in a phrase. There are so many things which might be said of it that would be true but misleading. It is a story of conflict between the two generations of today; it is a Finnish-American novel of emigrant life on Cape Cod, and it is a five-stranded character study of family life with its arbitrary and threatening bonds. But each of these catch tags covers only a phase of the work, and all of them together miss the whole. Miss Eastman has created a whole greater than its parts; for "Sun on Their Shoulders" has that indefinable "extra" quality which gives a book a life of its own.

Thirty years ago Heikki Ranta came over from Finland and settled on Cape Cod. He had no money, but he had a tremendous and passionate capacity for work. Selling his labor to others at first, he soon saved enough to start buying ground and making cranberry bogs for himself. Marrying the physically sturdy but temperamentally mystical Lisi whom he really loved, and rearing the three sons of their union, changed nothing about Heikki. Work and his cranberry bogs constituted all life for him. Not to have more money, not even to have more money for his sons, but just a blind drive for more of the land that drives them all to continual work, and for more work to get more of such land, forces Heikki on regardless of what is happening quite openly, were his eyes only open, around him.

Lisi accepts her husband's view for the outside world, but she leads a separate life, too, with her prophetic dreams, her love of the little girls who died, her yearning toward the young Bruno, and her deep, sure sense of God. When Lisi speaks in English it is halting, inaccurate, and slangy, but when she speaks in Finnish her words have both beauty and authority. The character of Heikki dominates the book, but that of Lisi pervades and touches it with her own quiet certitude in the midst of uncertainty.

The three sons are impatient with desires of their own. The bogs mean little to them. For Arvo, the oldest and most like his father in his intensity, they mean just so much in money that may be enough to bring back the wife who went away to escape the monotony of continuous work; for Bruno, the youngest, they also represent money which might in his case buy the yellow "chevvy"; for Otto, everything is a bit vague, bogs, money, women, everything except his mother, whose eyes and thoughts both slip away from him towards Bruno.

The ways and the wills of these five human beings lead steadily and inevitably to tragedy. From the first pages a sense of the irresolvable colors the book. Although the story runs a slow course, the days presented fully, minor characters playing their temporary parts, the reader is constantly aware, as none of the actors in the drama save Lisi seem to be, that this is the false calm which precedes the storm. One might point out that all of Miss Eastman's people are not as fully realized as Heikki and Lisi; the sons in comparison are a little like pieces of unfinished sculpture where certain parts are worked out into high relief while others scarcely rise above the undifferentiated marble. But when a book gives so freshly and forthrightly its own version of one of the old struggles of mankind, it is pleasanter to announce the fact than to cavil at lapses in the procedure.

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Not Proven

BASTARD VERDICT. By Winifred Duke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.75.

IN Scotland they render the verdict of "Not Proven." In England, as in America, the opposite of the verdict of "Guilty" is "Not Guilty." Sir Walter Scott, it seems, spoke of the Scots verdict as "that bastard verdict." Hence this novel's title.

The object of this story is to show how a man who was never actually convicted of a crime, was nevertheless followed by the terrible Nemesis of public opinion after having been acquitted. The public never ceased to believe that he had poisoned his first wife. Harold Fieldend lived at Fiddler's Green in England, near the town of Great Howle, where he had set up for a solicitor. His wife was an invalid. She was rather above him in family connections, he being, at the beginning of the book, rather a cheerful little bounder. His wife nagged him and he sought innocent diversion with some Welsh friends, the Powells, in Great Howle. He was quite fond of one of the daughters, Gwyn, who had been engaged for five years to a young man still in foreign parts.

The story begins naturally enough, and, if Harold is a vulgarian, he is also a cheerful, rather amusing little man who does not at all seem cut out for a role in Greek tragedy. His wife and neighbors are certainly no great shakes as people. But his wife has a decided turn for the worse one day, having been ailing for a long time, and Harold becomes involved in a net of circumstances that leads him finally into trial for his life as his wife's poisoner. Meanwhile, within three months of her death he has married Gwyn Powell, against the latter's better judgment, having forged a letter from her fiancé saying that he had thrown her over. This last is the worst actual deed he is ever proved to have done. Gwyn finds it out, but Harold does not admit it in court, saying that Gwyn had begged him to marry her. Scared by the trial, in fact, he acts like a considerable skunk; and throughout the story he pursues a course of entire selfishness until near the very end. Yet at the end of the story one is still left in doubt as to whether or not he actually did give his first wife poison. Gwyn admits at the end that she believes he did, but has stuck to him through thick and thin because she was his wife. Still, if he did not, even his many examples of caddishness and gross lack of consideration could not possibly warrant the awful punishment that he meets. He and Gwyn literally become outcasts of society, have to live under an assumed name, and he falls a victim to a stroke in his early fifties that leaves him paralyzed and her helpless charge. The story is certainly one of suffering long drawn out, as this closely written book runs to nearly five hundred pages. Incidentally, the inhumanity of the world toward scapegoats is delineated in unsparing detail. There is hardly a decently humane person in the novel.

Gwyn becomes such a noble martyr that one really cannot help tiring of her. The author deals with Harold Fieldend so unsparingly, until she completely paralyzes him—when she lets up a little—that one cannot help having a good deal of sneaking sympathy for the poor wretch. The train of circumstances, most of them innocent in themselves, that brings about Harold's indictment, is rather well laid. The malice and vindictiveness of the villagers is well imagined. Harold's own "bounderishness" is convincing, and the inimical attitude of his own solicitor is something to marvel at. The man is, apparently, so vastly superior in his attitude toward ordinary mortals that this reviewer thinks he would have made a very bad solicitor indeed. His treatment of Gwyn, for instance, is quite as inhumane as Harold's own.

Our own feeling is that the ironic strength of the book would have been greatly heightened if, in the end, the innocence of Harold could have been established. Then we should have had the spectacle of a stupid and common little man presented in all his disagreeable attitudes, but built by public opinion into a major criminal figure. As it is, the author grows so interested in sentimentalizing through the latter portion of the book over Gwyn's unhappy lot, and unctuously describing her martyrdom, that the best she can do is to dwell upon Harold's deterioration. It gets so that one believes she is punishing him unduly for being a common little person with traits she despises, rather than for committing murder. In every slightest altercation Gwyn is given the noble attitude and Harold the ignoble one. A suspicion that the writer is stacking the cards against him is inescapable.

The book's style—or rather method of writing—is well enough, but it would have benefited by a good deal of compression. The author of that recent most harrowing novel, "Harriet," did not take nearly as long to tell her more enthralling story. Also we rather lament Miss Duke's lack of a sense of humor. Whenever Harold ventures to emit "Ha! ha!" it is only to show how lost to all sense of decency he is.

Revolutionists in China

(*Continued from first page*)

not to be seen at its truest in the streets of Shanghai. Neither author nor characters are real revolutionists, although one exception should be made to this. The figure of Ch'en, the would-be assassin, is well done and is a familiar example of a common though less important type in any revolutionary group, the simple mind which sees in assassinations the only cure for the faults of an existing and complex system.

Like most renditions from a foreign tongue, this book loses something in translation. The staccato distinction of style, so well suited to the subject, which the French language lends to the snapshot effects of this novel, are lost in rather commonplace English. It is a fragmentary book, and it needs the fragmentary manner of expression. There are, moreover, certain obvious faults the translator might have avoided. He does not perhaps know that many Chinese deeply dislike the term "Chinaman," which carries to their ears opprobrium. On page thirty the poet Li P'o is obviously intended, rather than his contemporary Tu Fu. But these are slight errors and need not be dwelt upon, for the translator's task is always a thankless one and carries with it small reward.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX
Author of "Man's Fate."

The author portrays with success that small and on the whole ineffectual group of foreigners without a country who undoubtedly make up a part of the polyglot population of Shanghai, white men or men of mixed blood who have no country, and Chinese who are equally denationalized and desperate. These people to the seasoned observer of human affairs must appear as the feverish few who scarcely touch even in the least ways of life or understanding the reality of the Chinese people, always calm. They are the maniac fringe of that vast sanity. Yet doubtless they have the importance of the firecrackers which announce a coming event, and in their very boldness or timidity are to be found signs of the urgency of the times.

One is confirmed, nevertheless, after reading this book, in one's belief that the real revolution which China is yet to have cannot come out of such figures as these, or at least out of such incomplete followers of the great Marx, however satisfactory many Marxians will certainly find this book. Rather the true revolution will come, not thus frantic and superficial, but deep and sure and basic, out of the real Chinese people.

Pearl Buck, author of "The Good Earth," has for many years lived in China.

Italian Literature

LITERATURE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN PIERREPONT RICE

THE lectures "digested" in Professor Fletcher's study of the Italian Renaissance are unusually enlightening not only to students of other literatures, for whom they were primarily intended, but also to the specialist in Italian.

The method of the book is that of the expert in comparative literature; its conception and style are those of the confirmed humanist; its outstanding characteristic is its suggestiveness. Consequently, Professor Fletcher's work has a scope far wider than that suggested by its title. On completing it one has the impression of having surveyed a great part of Italian literature. For the roots of this study are in classical antiquity and its implications are of the present, not to speak of the future.

From this quality of suggestive enlightenment it follows that Professor Fletcher's book will have as many appeals as it has readers, the character of the appeal depending on the acquirements and the temperament of each. So, in a brief space, the reviewer can touch only upon some impressions that seem to him most memorable after a first reading. Such is the distinction made between the virility of Dante's mind and the feminine sensitivity of his emotional responses, between the *pietà* of the "Commedia" and the *humanitas* of the "Convivio"—the first a trait of temperament, the second a reasoned philosophy of life conceived out of Cicero and leading to the conception of *l'uomo universale* as exemplified later in the "Cortegiano" of Castiglione and again in the *honnête homme* of seventeenth century France. So Dante, the acknowledged spokesman of the Middle Ages, is aligned with the humanists of the Renaissance.

The important influence of the seemingly unimportant quattrocento Latinists on the Italian writers of the cinquecento and their followers is well brought out; and of very special interest is the chapter on Valla (incidentally, the dates of Valla are wrongly given on page 98—an evident misprint), Ficino, and Benivieni, which links the love philosophy of the thirteenth century with the new Platonism of the fifteenth. In this connection, the English versions of the difficult and obscure Canzoni of the second Guido and of Benivieni appended to this work, are not only instructive but are triumphs of translation.

In Professor Fletcher's chapters on the Epic, the difference in atmosphere between the literary coteries of Florence and Ferrara is suggestively brought out, and the author's vivid picture of the "cantastorie" sheds light on the character of Pulci's work. Particularly suggestive is the figure of speech by which the "Orlando Furioso" is likened to the "Orlando Innamorato" awakened from a fairy-like enchantment—awakened and disillusionized.

The author's style is a happy blending of the scholarly, the urbane, and the poetic. There is neat epigram, apt citation, often from foreign sources, shrewd humor, and an occasional brief excursion into the vernacular. There are also some strikingly beautiful quotations from Professor Fletcher's own version of the "Commedia"—already known to the public—and his charming, vivacious, and witty translations of the lyric poems scattered through the book. More than this, there is a sort of underlying rhythm born of the orderly progression of enlightened thought. Thus Professor Fletcher's study of an humanistic epoch becomes itself a study in humanism.

It is greatly to be hoped that the author will again give us the benefit of his experience, his insight, and his wisdom by publishing his lectures on the literatures of Renaissance France and Spain.

John Pierrepont Rice is head of the department of Romance languages in the University of Buffalo.

War with Germs

YOUR GERMS AND MINE. By Berl Ven Mëyr. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by HOMER SMITH

IF the increasing number of good books dealing with popular science be taken as evidence of increasing popular interest in science, then the millennium, one feels, cannot be as far away as most would think. What is more likely is that the thing is working from the other end: that for one reason or another more scientists are feeling an urge to make contact with the fiction-sated public, and are finding courage to fight less sturdy if more succulent sugar-and-water competitors for a place in the sun. But whatever way it works, the outcome is important. Popular science is a literary hybrid, and in the issue of whether it radiates to relative abundance in the face of natural selection or survives only in an isolated niche as a curiosity, there is a suggestion of how science, the public, or both, are going to evolve in the near future.

Take this book on bacteriology, for example. It does not matter whether it is a literary masterpiece or not. (Enough that it is accurately and at the same time engagingly written.) What does matter is that the science of bacteriology, like the newspaper, telephone, and radio, has sent its tendrils into every civilized home and completely changed the complexion of life. What do you know about the politics of your milk supply? It's infinitely more important than the politics of your newspaper. Perhaps you are a connoisseur of cheese, but your knowledge of the seventeen natural groups of cheeses is doubtless no greater than your knowledge of the mechanics of a dial telephone. If you are ignorant about cheese, what do you know about resistance, infection, immunity, influenza, pneumonia, hookworm, malaria, yellow fever, athlete's-foot, measles, scarlet fever, mumps, whooping cough, poliomyelitis, sleeping sickness, lockjaw, anthrax, growing pains?

What have you done with your children in regard to diphtheria, small pox, typhoid fever—and why? Do you know that 7,000,000 to 12,000,00 persons in the United States have had syphilis; that fifty per cent or more of its adult male population has had gonorrhea? That both could virtually be eradicated by social education were it not for prejudice of Church and Law?

Are you afraid of tuberculosis? (You need not be.) Where would you run to seek safety for your family if typhus fever, Asiatic cholera, or the black death were to creep abroad as invisibly (to you) as radio waves? Or if the next war were to be fought with germs?

Do not get the idea that this book is written either to frighten the reader or to enable him to practise medicine; emphatically it is not. It is written to give him a broad view of the science of bacteriology and thus to enable him to profit by and coöperate with those who have made life safer and easier; who are daily making it safer and easier, for young and old alike. And it is also written to amuse, for the author senses that no tired adult *wants* to be educated.

It is unfortunate that it was not illustrated in color with good microphotographs instead of simplified drawings, and that it was not given a more attractive dust-cover. But these are minor matters, and all else is good. The bacteriologist has done his job and now it's up to the public.

Homer Smith is a member of the department of physiology of New York University and Bellevue Medical College.

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The Bowling Green

O. W. Firkins

TWO of the most exciting periods for a young reader of American journalism were the years 1914-18 or thereabouts when O. W. Firkins was writing reviews of current poetry for the *Nation* and the old *Evening Post*, and 1919-21 when he was doing drama for the *Weekly Review*. With many opacities to apologize for there is one observation in which I take pride. As long ago as 1918 I said in print that Mr. Firkins was one of the three critics in America whose praise was most worth having—and most difficult to obtain. I have seen no reason since for changing that opinion.

Oscar Firkins, most of whose career was in service of the English Department at the University of Minnesota, died two years ago. Shy, frail, sad, myopic almost to blindness, but with an extraordinary acuteness of the inward eye, he was one of those characters that keep a university true to its function. The sort of person often called eccentric, by which one means that the center is pitched not upon convention but upon some intuitive plumb. The conventional center is too often a dead center. Now the University of Minnesota Press is honoring itself, and delighting thousands of Firkins's former students, by publishing his letters and papers. *Selected Essays*, including the remarkable "Man: A Character Sketch" and other keen observations on literature, drama, and religion, appeared some months ago. It is now followed by *Memoirs and Letters*. These two volumes ($2.50 each) would be fortunate baggage for any vacation which hopes to rise above the dull tidewater level of the mind.

Firkins's sister, in her preface to the *Memoirs and Letters*, tells us that unavoidable excisions in the correspondence (including "caustic remarks about persons still living") may tend to leave an apparent emphasis on urbanity, geniality, which was no dominant trait in O. W. F. "There was in his nature a rigor, a tenacity of opinion and purpose which admitted no compromise. . . . His habitual mood was one of sadness and depression." In a world where there are so many damned genials, clowns, and meliorists, how appetizing that is. A vibration of singular honesty moves in his comments. Asked to attend a reunion of old classmates he replies, with perfect courtesy and definiteness, No, because he does not wish to. Called upon for a letter of commendation for an instructor whose work is mediocre, he remarks that "—— is a faithful, well-meaning fellow with the merits of a good dog." Yet with what careful patience and insight he defends the plodding virtues of students to whom he thinks the university has been unfair. Hypersensitive himself (he was deeply hurt when the *Atlantic Monthly* accidentally returned a MS of his with only the formal rejection slip), he knew how to safeguard the feelings of those who were worth consideration. Incidentally the little exchange of letters between Firkins and the *Atlantic*, with Mr. Ellery Sedgwick's beautifully tactful regrets for an office error that must sometimes happen everywhere, is a charming episode that honors both sides. You will divine in the letters those recurrences of nervous melancholia that restricted Firkins from certain phases of human mirth and companionship, and perhaps limited his sympathies. This is compensated by an extraordinary astuteness, a most delicate and witty awareness of intellectual integrity. He can be devastating enough toward what he disesteems. Of a fashionable metropolitan humorist he says, "By the time the last of his reeking witticisms had been received my ear felt like a cuspidor." When asked about his frequent attendance at an orthodox church he replied that he was studying the cleric "as a curiosity." Of a thesis offered for a master's degree, apparently based on some discussion of sex in literature, he wrote:

> I do not think a naïveté so egregious is entitled to the ratification of a master's diploma from an institution which stands for self-discipline rather than for unchecked impulse, and which prefers a modicum of good sense even in its graduate students.

After the performance of an undergraduate play which he considered in evil taste he wrote to the college daily:

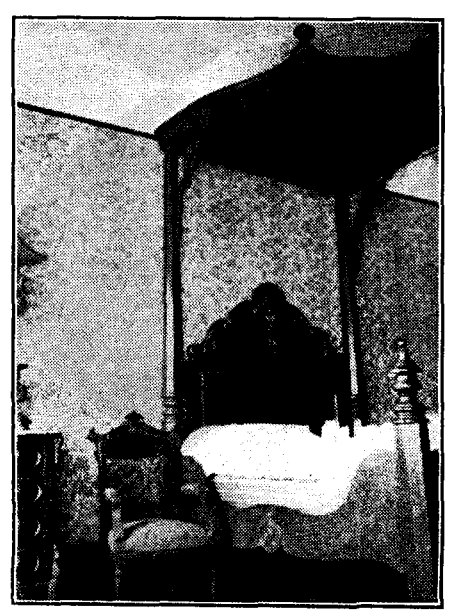
> The jubilation of the animal in his power to reproduce himself, however natural and biologically right, is not fit cement for an audience in an institution which a commonwealth has dedicated to the mind. . . . Our dramatists are cooks whom it is vain to scold or hector; but there is one act that impresses the most head-strong and tempestuous of cooks —the leaving of the viands untouched upon the table.

Another letter to the same paper, in February 1916 when the university faculty was said to be unanimous for greater military "preparedness," shows his instinct for protesting mass emotionalism:

> If a nation loved peace well enough to put itself at a practical disadvantage for the sake of peace, that fact would command the attention, and eventually the faith and veneration of the world.
>
> The so-called unanimity of the faculty on this topic is not, I think, of any overpowering significance. The truth is that agreement on such matters loses force in the exact measure of its completeness. Had only three-fourths, or better still, only two-thirds of the respondents concurred, the fraction would have been weightier than the total. Division is the proof of independence; and when men who would normally divide on religion, on politics, on morals, manifest in a special field a consent that reaches or approaches totality, the fact points to docility or imitation. When all the wheat-stems in a field bend southward, it does not mean an organic predisposition on the part of each stem to a southerly inclination; it means merely that the wind is in the north.

There is not space here to give you more than a crude suggestion of the independent mind, the flashing felicity of phrase, the humor both light and sombre to be found in the work of this man who said that ink is the least nutritious of fluids and that his mood was contentment *within* despair. His comments on European travel, on hotel life in New York, are as exciting to me as any novel. Some thrillingly ponderable brevities from his lecture notes are included. "Keats's muse is a siren but his art is a vestal. That is the irresistible combination." There are some things so deeply and temperamentally said that to quote them outside the comprehension of context would do them wrong. Who but a man steeped in professorship would have written, of a loss infinitely near and dear, "It is sad to have to use the subjunctive mood and the pluperfect tense of one whose personality has so long been part of the present indicative." Yet that austere and proud spirit was never overborne by the mere pedantry and equipment of scholarship. He wrote once:

> I sometimes wish that every envelope and impediment were swept away, that teacher and pupil could meet in some genial climate in a bare plain under the open sky, without an appropriation, without a building, without an appliance, without a committee, without a program, without a ceremony: then, teacher and taught could look straight into each other's faces, and the manhood, the mettle, of both could be tested.



BEDROOM AT ANTOINE'S
(Photo by John Hoysradt)

I have always hankered for a visit to New Orleans, but never so much as when John Hoysradt, returned from the exciting adventure of seven months on tour with Miss Katharine Cornell's company, showed me photographs of the guest bedrooms at Antoine's—delightful scalloped furniture and beds with canopies (or should we say canapés?). Antoine's, of course, we have been hearing about for many years; and on the same day, by pleasant coincidence, arrived a bulletin from another wandering client:

DON MARQUIS
(A cartoon from the private collection of the Three Hours for Lunch Club)

SIR:—Funny that I had to come to New Orleans to find Long Island Duck at its best. Kolb's is the restaurant.

I think that Kolb's is the best restaurant in the country. Of course Antoine's and Galitoire's are more famous; and Arnaud's and La Louisiane. They deserve to be famous, they're grand. But Kolb's sorta sticks. Tomorrow and Tuesday Kolb's will have a guest-bartender, Jose Cuerna of the National Bar in Havana. You may be sure I'll be there.

But perhaps it's Paul Alpuente of the St. Charles Bar I'm really writing about. If you haven't had his Bacardi cocktail or his Remsen Cooler you've not lived.

Must hustle off to a dinner engagement. Yes, at Kolb's.

L. B. S.

Mr. David McCord, with the alert curiosity of a poet, wondered about a letter which came to him on the stationery of the Caney Creek Community Center, at Pippapass, Knott County, Kentucky. He was inquisitive about the name of the town, and pleased by a woodcut design of humorous mules on the letterhead. He wrote to inquire, and allows us to quote Caney Creek's courteous reply:—

> The mule is the most important factor in the economic life of our mountaineers. Everywhere you go, you see mules of every size and description—and they sure are a homely, ornery, loud-mouthed lot.
>
> The name Pippapass was deliberately chosen. Some years ago this school had grown to good proportions, but had no post office. The government agreed to establish a mail route if we would construct the building. We had no money, but the Browning Societies all over this country became interested and raised five hundred dollars which just paid for the building (it is constructed of *native* stone and lumber). In appreciation for this kindness we named our new post office from Browning's poem.

☞One of the most comfortable philosophers we know is the taxi driver who parks his cab at the corner of West End Avenue and 78th Street on warm idle afternoons, turns on the radio, and sits in happy daze reading a pulp magazine. ☞A good deal of contemporary literature talks too close to the mike—which makes it sound like someone eating celery in a movie farce. ☞Mr. W. S. Hall, our Special Representative en route to the Orient, writes that in San Francisco cocktails have been reduced to 15 cents, Old Fashioneds 25 cents, and sends a menu from the Lucca (Francisco and Powell Sts.) to prove it.

In honor of Mr. Don Marquis's charming penseroso in last week's issue of this review, the Green prints (with apology) its own cartoon of Mr. Marquis. The Managing Editor and other Men of Art do not consider the drawing worthy of its subject. But it is technically interesting: the cartoonist, finding the picture lacking in patina, invigorated it by rubbing the paper with a chip of French fried potato. In all branches of art, mere representation must yield to the excitement of novel technique.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Chinese Poetry

THE HUNDRED NAMES. By Henry H. Hart. Berkeley: University of California Press. **1934. $2.50.**

Reviewed by TAI JEN

THIS anthology contains specimens of Chinese poetry in translation from dynasty to dynasty. Like Arthur Waley's "Hundred And Seventy Poems" it has a historical value. The choice of women writers, too, shows Dr. Hart's understanding of the importance the women poets played in the building of Chinese poetry. His translations, however, are too free to be representative of the originals, delightful as they are as Hartian ecstasies. To illustrate: one of the Tzu Yeh poems is translated by Dr. Hart as follows:

The air is clear,

The whole world
Glistens
In the moonlight.
We walk in the night, together,
You and I.

You sing,
And your song thrills me,
Plays upon my heart strings,
And I sing "The Fragrant Blossoms"
In reply.

The original poem was written in the five-word "ancient rhyme" metre and it has only twenty words in four lines, five words in each line. Its naïveté, its archaic atmosphere, the terseness of its verse, may be preserved in English by using the octosyllabic metre:

The air was clear, the bright moon beaming;
With you, dear love, I played at night.
You sang most heart-enchanting songs,
I, too, sweet poems did recite.

After all Chinese poetry and English poetry are not as far apart as many people think and it is quite possible to turn the one into the other in its true light with very little loss of form, or, perhaps, with no loss at all.

In his introductory essays on Chinese poetry Dr. Hart committed himself to quite a few errors. Just to point out some major ones: Chü Yüan is the greatest of all Chinese poets by universal consent, not "one of the shadowy personalities that appear often in the annals of Chinese literature," as Dr. Hart said; and his poem "Li Sao," "The Exile's Grief," is not "a rambling poem which seldom makes a strong appeal to the foreign reader." Convention did not restrict the Sung poets' play of imagination. Sung poetry may be more intellectual and less gay and spontaneous than that of Tong, but is not at all inferior to it. In fact modern Chinese poetry in the form of Tzu did not reach its golden age until the Sung dynasty. Finally, Chinese poetry, like any other poetry in the world, is written primarily for the ear, not for the eye. The ideographs certainly do add beauty to Chinese poetry but they can never usurp its throne.

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"The finest thing ever done in the theatre by an American."
—Stephen Vincent Benét

$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

The New Books

Fiction

THE CORNER SHOP. By Philip Keeley. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

The "Corner Shop" of Mr. Keeley's title is a thoroughly British emporium, dispensing tobacco, snuff, and news in its various forms to the inhabitants of the provincial town of Ferborough. His book begins as if it were to be another solid, plodding study of the acquisitive instinct as exemplified in the building up of this small business by its proprietor, the widow Brennen. The larger part of the story, however, is devoted to the Brennen offspring, who emerge from the shop to find romance in London, death in the war, and other fates less definite and dramatic. Meanwhile the formidable Mrs. Brennen goes her miserly way in the shop, outlasting them all.

The early chapters provide some authentic but often drab observation of working class life, and a few good portraits, equivalents in prose of drawings by Belcher. The most successful of them all is that of Mrs. Brennen's confidante and fellow-in-beer, the jet-clad, voluminous Mrs. Poole. The later portions of the book are sentimentalized and over-conventional, but the author's ingenuity of thought and straightforward style save the whole from mawkishness. Not particularly noteworthy or attractive, and quite without sensational value, "The Corner Shop" nevertheless possesses something of the qualities of the Brennen family,—it perseveres and in the end gains the reader's respect.

T. P., JR.

FIRE IN THE NIGHT. By Raymond Otis. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

This is a novel about Santa Fe, New Mexico. There is a fire in a garage one night, and Mr. Otis tells us something about most of the people that go to the fire, so giving us a cross-section of the town as he sees it. Most of the characters are recognizably based on real Santa Feans; but one spots them through the circumstances of their lives, not their characters; there are no characters, the personages in the book are all perfunctory stencils. The main story is that of a young American married woman, her husband, and the inescapable impoverished young Mexican of good family. The wife has an affair with the Mexican. The device of the fire is artificial and heavy, and there is no reason for laying the tale in Santa Fe beyond the fact that Mr. Otis seems to have spent some time there. Any other art colony would have done as well if he was bent on giving us a dose of fake worldly-wisdom and amateur philosophy of love.

F. F.

A COOL MILLION: Or the Dismantling of Lemuel Pitkin. By Nathanael West. Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.

The opening chapter of this novel is mildly amusing; the rest seems superfluous. It is difficult to be very uproarious in a burlesque of something which nobody takes seriously anyhow; and the idea of putting Horatio Alger in reverse is not exactly fraught with subtlety. Mr. West proceeds from extravagance to extravagance, with a touch that grows heavier as the events proceed. This author's previous novel, "Miss Lonelyhearts," was much admired, and a fraction of the admiration was deserved. Those who overpraised "Miss Lonelyhearts" may well find "A Cool Million" full of mad humor and esoteric significance. The present reviewer finds only a straining for effect and an impenetrable tedium.

G. S.

WATERFRONT. By John Brophy. Macmillan. 1934. $2.

This novel, like those of John Herrmann, is a story of characters realized more through conversation than through analysis, developed more by a recital of the events in which they figure than by an examination of the effects of those events —of characters, in any case, incompletely realized. Concerned mainly with the happenings of a single day in the lives of the McCabes, a Liverpool working-class family, "Waterfront" deals with the bare results of a father's return after an absence of fourteen years. An unmotivated murder committed by him shortly after his arrival is made to benefit an undeserving daughter, and to injure a more or less deserving one; and had this inversion of the usual order been thoroughly realized,

(*Continued on page* 786)

Incremental Factors of Labor and Capital

THE THEORY OF WAGES. By Paul Douglas. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by NATHAN MILLER

AFTER more than seven years of extensive revision and collaboration, this notable study in theoretical economics now sees the light with the added distinction of carrying off the first prize of $5,000 in the Hart, Schaffner and Marx international prize essay contest on the general subject of "The Theory of Wages." Honorable mentions were awarded to academic economists from Denmark, Czecho-Slovakia, and Holland. Rather less perturbation assuredly will be aroused in the public prints by this most significant essay than by other recent blue-ribbon awards.

The title of the volume is rather misleading, inasmuch as the investigation became after a time less of a comprehensive treatise on the theory of wages alone, than an embracing study of the theory of distribution of the incremental factors of labor and capital. Less emphasis was placed upon the returns to land because of the comparative lack of homogeneity of the data with regard to that factor, making it thus less amenable to the strictly mathematical technique of study used. In other words, Professor Douglas essays the highly difficult as well as original task of applying to the general problem of the distribution of income somewhat the same technique of study which has recently proven so fruitful with regard to the clarification of the theory of value. He attempts to do for the factors of labor and capital what certain younger American economists like Ezekiel, Warren and Pearson, Schultz, Viner, and others have done for many individual commodities, namely, to determine the relative slope or elasticity of the curves of production and supply for each of these factors.

In so doing, Douglas accepts broadly the orthodox marginal productivity theory to account for the relative size of the functional shares of wages, rent, and interest in a competitive, capitalistic society. This is to account for wages as a whole, rather than for the differentials in wages as between industries and geographical sections, a problem which has been left out of this volume for later consideration. The

She charms America's leading critics . . . .

BEATRIX Lehmann's first novel is so strangely, hauntingly beautiful that you will not forget it. It has captivated the reviewers of—

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RUMOUR OF HEAVEN

by BEATRIX LEHMANN

and published by Morrow

Double-Crostics: Number 14

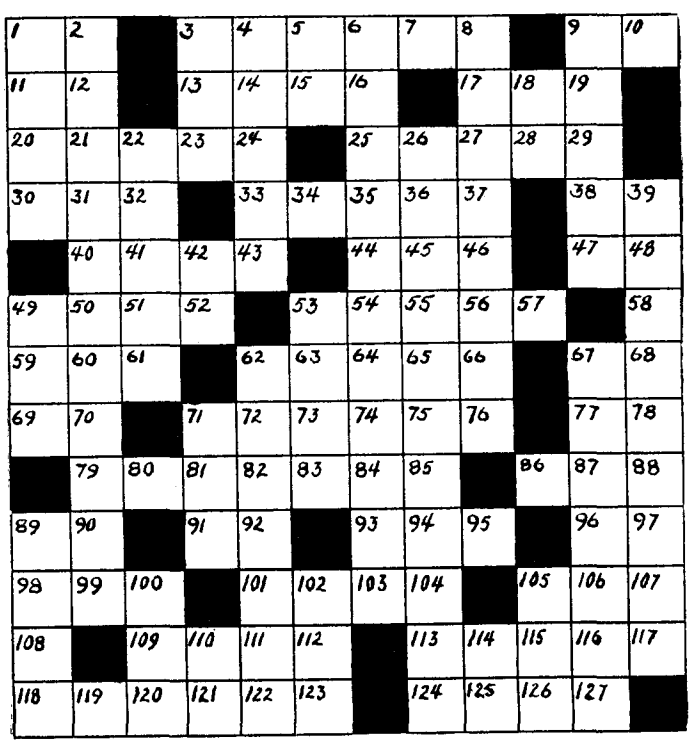
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 6-120-17-22-75-50-126-57. Intensified, augmented.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 79-73-96-47-37. Pulls slowly and heavily.	_ _ _ _ _
III. 117-25-13-34-71. Collected by Bulfinch.	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 27-11-21-56-83-107. Introduces, accompanies.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 31-18-49-108. Clean; unadulterated.	_ _ _ _
VI. 64-80-110-58-40. Annihilation; destruction.	_ _ _ _ _
VII. 86-60-33-72. Insect of order *Hymenoptera*.	_ _ _ _
VIII. 30-65-44-122-36. Color of the face in fear.	_ _ _ _ _
IX. 3-100-23-59-14. Mythological source of amnesia.	_ _ _ _ _
X. 7-125-42-55-127. Color of the face in rage.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 119-91-5-12-78-39-93. To poison one's mind.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 48-112-124-69-35-95-32. To flow back as a consequence.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 29-63-61-102. Where to keep a Biblical secret (II Sam., I:20).	_ _ _ _
XIV. 103-97-67-19-106-123-45-24. Thrusts forward impertinently.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 15-77-81-38. Ko-ko had a little one.	_ _ _ _
XVI. 2-28-98-10-114-85. Pseudonym of Geo. Oliver (last name).	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 111-4-70-115-62. To confirm, warrant.	_ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 90-41-9-84-68. Member of the solar system.	_ _ _ _ _
XIX. 16-94-99-1-51. Projection from vertical surface.	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 8-92-74-66-87. Antecedent to maturity.	_ _ _ _ _
XXI. 46-116-105-54. To play boisterously.	_ _ _ _
XXII. 26-113-53-20-88-121. Dislodged, ejected.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 52-118-104-76. Complacent, self-satisfied.	_ _ _ _
XXIV. 82-101-109-43-89. The substance of the sky.	_ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 13)

POPE—"ESSAY ON CRITICISM"

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

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framework of the marginal theory is accepted with a recognition, however, of the heroic assumptions of J. B. Clark, and the myriad objections raised by other critics to the static and abstract postulates assumed, such as complete mobility of capital and labor, equal bargaining power of labor and capital, etc. Douglas defends the theory as "describing a portion of reality," nevertheless, and as a valid approach in the general tentative spirit of all scientific work, that is, as "no door" but as "a little window which opens upon a great world." The multitude of variables of a psychological, historical, and institutional sort, even he cannot disregard altogether from consideration although they do not "vitiate" but rather "modify" the powerful forces at work which are best explained by the orthodox theory of marginal productivity. We constantly observe throughout the work a straining at the leash, an attempt to qualify or alleviate the strictly inductive and mathematical portions of the work by a realization of the limiting factors of the traditional society within which the distribution of income is taking place. Balm to the conscience of a whilom social crusader is offered by periodical observations such as the rather cryptic comment that "we should primarily concern ourselves with problems that we can solve," and descents into Veblenian irony, to wit, "Within the world of purely economic values and motives, that factor which gives most sparingly of itself reaps the greater reward per unit, and reaps the more, the more the other factors expand and give of themselves." And more explicitly a safeguard for the unwary who may become too addicted to the reality of the statistical analysis is offered by Douglas, when he remarks "that the mechanical operations of economic forces in a competitive and capitalistic society do not of themselves tell us whether such is the society under which it is best for mankind to live."

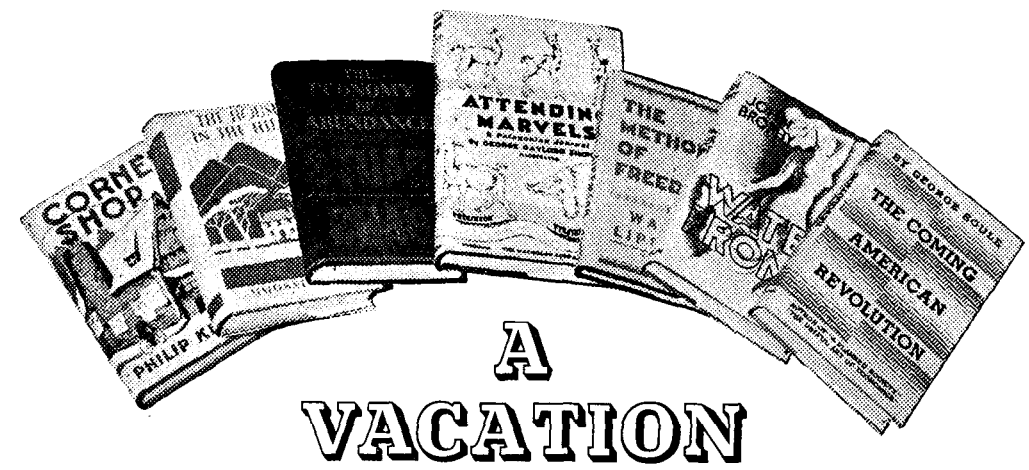
The approach to the problem as set forth above consists first, in measuring the approximate effect on production of each factor alone, then the degree, if any, to which the supply of labor or capital (and if possible, land) varies with the rate of remuneration, and finally, the degree to which the actual course of wages, interest, and rent has in practice borne out what theoretically, in the light of the rigidly mathematical analysis contributed, would be expected to be true. By inductive analysis, the results indicate that on the whole the processes of production tend to be closely approximated in the field of distribution, that at least from 1890 to 1922, the relative movement of real wages as compared with the relative marginal productivity of labor in a number of industries shows a rather striking agreement. Furthermore, the statistics indicate that a change of one per cent in the quantity of labor would, if other things were equal, normally cause a change in the opposite direction of from three-tenths to four-tenths of one per cent in the marginal productivities of labor. Also, of capital increased by one per cent, all other factors remaining equal, there would be an opposite effect of from six-tenths to seven-tenths of one per cent in the marginal productivity of capital. It follows that labor has more to gain from a given percentage addition through bargaining than it has to lose from an equal percentage gain by capital. The real increase in wages which occurred before 1929 is due to the more rapid increase of capital than labor.

As an example of the inductive, statistical, and quasi-mathematical method of approach, Douglas offers here avowedly a supposed offset to the "sterile shadow-boxing" of deductive economics and the "theoretical blind alley of purely historical and institutional methods." Brave words indeed, but in addition to the indications already given of his ethical provisos, one may add the most conclusive of all, interpolated in the midst of the charts, graphs, and symbols: "Our whole system of social philosophy would be further advanced if men could everywhere realize that the mechanical operations of economic forces in a competitive and capitalistic society do not of themselves tell us whether such is the society under which it is best for mankind to live." May not the striking parallel conclusions reached between the historical, dialectical economists and the inductive, mathematical technique of Douglas be as much a vindication of the value of the former approach as of the latter?

Nathan Miller is a member of the staff of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Little, Brown & Company announce that Christopher Morley has accepted the editorship of the Eleventh Edition of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



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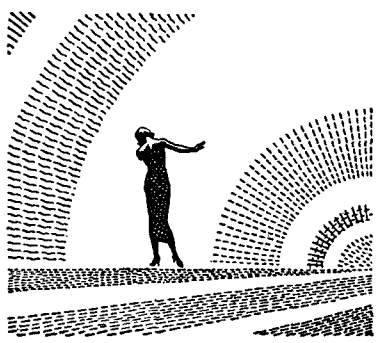

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The New Books

(Continued from page 784)

Mr. Brophy's novel might have risen above the level of a scenario and presented an interesting variant of the theme of good and evil. As it is, however—factual and pedestrian rather than imaginative and exceptional—such implications as it may possess have been obscured, and such stature as Mr. Brophy may have desired for his characters has been stripped away in his attempt to achieve simplicity and objectivity. It is once again suggested that character cannot be peeled down to function merely as a factor in an event. This method may have been successful with the impotent automata manufactured by Ernest Hemingway, for with these only a small assortment of declarative sentences is necessary in order to fake the repression associated with depth, but one cannot help feeling that Mr. Brophy possesses sufficient talent and understanding to attempt a more difficult and more certain way to endure.

A. C. B.

History

A BIOGRAPHY OF THE GREEK PEOPLE. By Cecil Fairfield Lavell. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $3.

For a generation no longer familiarized in the classroom with ancient life, there will be increasing need for competent popularization of Hellenic culture. Granting, that is to say, that we have not already drifted so far in spirit from that culture, that an occasional reminder of its has become unintelligible.

Professor Lavell is preoccupied with the evolution of Greek thought, but he has sketched in a background of military and political history. Long intimacy with the people whom he describes has given him a harmonious sobriety of style, and a sure feeling for words, which proves, in this case, that a popularization need not sacrifice dignity.

J. I. B. McC.

Miscellaneous

THE CASE FOR THE SEA-SERPENT. By Lieut-Commander R. T. Gould. Putnams. 1934. $2.50.

The author of this volume tells us (and an examination of it bears out his word) that he believes in the sea-serpent; and has here done his best to present the case for the real existence of the creatures popularly called "sea-serpents" as fully (and he hopes as fairly) as he can. Probably few persons who have not looked into the matter realize how frequently sea-serpents have been seen by variously qualified observers and the details of such observations placed on record. From material of this sort available about thirty reports of sea-serpents are here selected, the details of each case verified as far as possible, and given in full with reference to original sources. We have in short spread out before us the cream of the many "sight records" of this mysterious animal of which no "specimen" exists. It makes an invaluable reference text for one who would discuss the subject authoritatively, either pro or con, or an introduction to its extensive and pregnant literature.

It so happens that within the year the reviewer has published his opinion that: "Unquestionably the existence of such an animal is possible. . . . On the other hand, the existence of such an animal is highly improbable" (The Americana Annual, 1934, p. 654). Perhaps the wish is father to the thought. The great interest that would attach to a mounted sea-serpent skeleton in a museum and the deduction therefrom of the relationships of this unique creature, must be balanced against the death of the last of a wonderful company of sea myths that lived in the good old days when the world was flat and a mysterious ocean stretched out to the jumping-off place.

J. T. N.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Restoration Literature. Ed. C. A. Moore. Crofts. $4.

BIOGRAPHY

Heralds of the King. J. G. Hogan. Stratford. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Interludes. E. Orleans. Reilly & Lee. $1.25. *Loeb Classical Library: Philo.* trans. F. H. Colson and G. H. Whitaker. *Silius Italicus: Punica I and II.* trans. J. D. Duff. *Vitruvius: De Architectura,* trans. G. Granger. Putnam & Putnam. $2.50 each. *If Truth at Last Be Told.* A. H. Jaisinghani. Madras: Ganesh. *A Field Study of the Behavior and Social Relations of Howling Monkeys.* C. R. Carpenter. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.25. *Walking in the Lake District.* H. H. Symonds. Macmillan. $2.50. *The Passion Play of Oberammergau.* M. J. Moses. Dodd. $2.50. *The Complete Writings of Thucydides.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

RELIGION

From Skepticism to Faith. C. Fiske.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YOUNG MAN, 26, college education, travelled extensively over world, very presentable appearance, desires permanent position, anything. F A L.

PROFESSIONAL men and women while seeking permanent positions or wishing part-time work are wanted to assist in operation of Cooperative Residence, luxurious hotel, picturesque 16 acres, Westchester. Carfare 10c to Times Square. Work 20 hours and pay $4.50 weekly in exchange for room, board. Write Union Church, 229 West 48th, New York.

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23 MASCULINE tall blond intelligent without inhibitions, disillusioned by college teaching, I seek any type employment offering bed, board, companionship and time for finishing first novel. Prefer Wagner Proust Jeffers socialism swimming, to Verdi Mann Robinson NRA golf. Refuse dancing, bridge, marriage. Best fitted for secretary, tutor, companion. Box 812.

DIRECTOR, Junior School, desired at select eastern boys' prep school, experienced teacher, married, no children, wife to be house mother; Harvard, Yale or Princeton graduate preferred. Moderate salary. Box 811.

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG woman, Gentile, interested in many things, desires correspondence or acquaintance, gentleman, plus 30. Prerequisite, sense of humor and good digestion. Box 808.

GENTLEMAN, fifteen years newswriting, publicity, advertising experience. Travelled extensively. Versatile. Amiable. Wants anything, lawful or otherwise. Southern bred, still possesses some ideals. Box 805.

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MIDDLE-AGED, professional man, upstate college town, needs secretary-housekeeper. Must be college graduate, expert literary style, agreeable disposition. Some knowledge languages, music, gardening, golf, desirable but not indispensable. No smokers, city neurotics, lazybones need apply. Box 813.

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GENTLEWOMAN, just returned from Eastern Equatorial Africa, would like to correspond with anyone interested in her country. Zanzibar.

REFINED WIDOW, middle-aged, sociable, adaptable, wishes the acquaintance of an unattached gentleman, 55-75, to break the monotony coming at times with mature years. Box 815.

IMPOVERISHED but optimistic Wall Street orphan, 30, personable, travelled, and, at time of going to press, still possessed of a clean shirt, seeks contact with a person or persons sufficiently venturesome to offer him a livelihood; adoption no objection. "Cantab."

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YOUNG WOMAN (30), residing in South, literary, aspiring writer, wishes correspondence man similar taste, who lacks congenial contacts but not discrimination. "North Carolina."

LITERARY-MINDED maiden school teacher, honors college graduate, under forty, with modern ideas, stagnating in small town, desires environmental change. Tutoring, traveling companion, clerical work preferred but—offer—and watch my response. Box 818.

YOUNG MAN, honors university graduate, nine years' teaching experience, three years' travel around world, desires position tutoring. Can coach swimming, drive car, handle type-written correspondence, teach light piano and vocal music. Box 819.

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WHITE HAT. Hope the visit to the meadows of Switzerland was glorious and restful. Happy, happy birthday to M. P. B. Y. J.

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WOULD-BE COMPANION to lady or children, can sketch, read aloud, keep quiet. Teacher.

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YOUNG Man, 21, out of college, desires position as companion, housekeeper, for maintenance (small salary?). Can travel. Versatile, healthy, neat appearance. Best references. Urgent.

PEDICULI!! Perpend!! For many years cheap, timid, thumb-twiddling, unenterprising professors of English literature have deceived Editors and Students with the ridiculous nonsense that the actor Shakspur of Stratford-upon-Avon was the Poet and Dramatist "William Shake-speare." Relying on hearsay, and ignoring fact, the profs sneered at those who earnestly sought to reveal the Truth; that Edward DeVere, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was "William Shake-speare." Now things are changing, and Truth is winning. In that reliable and conservative journal The Christian Science Monitor, we read: "There is not only a growing, but a growingly critical body of opinion which looks elsewhere than to William of Stratford for the authorship of the plays called Shakespeare's. The place of claimant-in-chief to those unparalleled laurels has been taken by Edward DeVere, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford. Apart from cryptographic revelations, there is obvious reason for preferring Oxford's candidature. The belief that the brilliant Earl was the author of "Hamlet" has champions whose arguments cannot be lightly brushed aside." Laugh that off, Professors Ouslay, Rosenbach, Hotson, Eccles, Brooke, Craig, Montgomery.

George Frisbee.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

FICTION FOR HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Would you be kind enough (writes E. T. of Dalton, Mass.) *to send me a list of* 1934 *fiction publications which you consider suited to girls of high school age? I am seeking the books, not necessarily written for girls, but those which at their impressionable ages, are wholesome reading and not a mere waste of time—still not medicine except in sugar-coated form.*

IT'S remarkable what a salutary experience looking through lists of recent publications for such a roll of books as E. T. wants has proved. For when it came to it, we discovered that out of the large number of novels issued since the beginning of the year there were hardly more than a dozen that fall in with her requirements. It's a commentary indeed on the character that contemporary American fiction has assumed—that the more significant part of it is either concerned with psychological problems as yet outside the experience of the budding girl, or with the grim conditions of modern proletarian existence, or with a sophisticated world the humor of which would be lost on the adolescent. On the other side of the fence are novels so saccharine or so ill-written that they merit no attention from the reader of taste. From the general grist we have garnered the following which we think will fairly well fall in with E. T.'s demands. First, since it usually interests all of us to read of others of our age and pursuits, we suggest Antonia White's FROST IN MAY (Viking), a tale of life at a convent school. Of course even young readers will react to it differently in accordance with their beliefs and outlook, but whether or not they like the sheltered yet disciplined existence there portrayed they are likely to follow the skilfully written story to its perhaps unwarranted conclusion. By way of contrast to this book the girls might take a historical novel like TRUMPETER, SOUND! (Knopf), by D. L. Murray, an exciting yarn with Victorian England and its war in the Crimea to give it color and substance, or Blair Niles's MARIA PALUNA (Longmans, Green), a story of Guatemala in the days of the Spanish Conquerors with a young Indian girl for heroine. Frances Renard's Southern novel, RIDGEWAYS (Stokes), Stella Gibbons's BASSETT (Longmans, Green), wherein a group of young people disport themselves gaily and act as foil to their elders, and Ann Bridge's GINGER GRIFFIN (Little, Brown), a vivid canvas of China as diplomatic society knows it and as the young English girl who finds it so full of fascination sees it. And since she has wandered into society abroad our young reader might continue with Stephen Vincent Benét's JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER (Doubleday, Doran). This plays in France, but has Americans for protagonists, and two generations of them, James Shore, the successful man whose riches have been built in the days when the United States still had a frontier, and his son and daughter who have enjoyed all the advantages of his wealth. Finally, to give variety to the list, E. T. might add to it Maurice Walsh's adventure tale, THE ROAD TO NOWHERE (Stokes), Christopher La Farge's novel of New England in verse (and a good poem it is), HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES (Coward-McCann), and, for spice to the lot, Dorothy Sayers's grand mystery story THE NINE TAILORS (Harcourt, Brace). Quite aside from its interest as detective literature this last is fascinating as an account of the art of bell ringing. What an art, or perhaps better, science it is!

JOHN COWPER POWYS

All things come to him who waits. It may be cold comfort to be told when you inquire for a particular book that it isn't yet in existence but that if you'll possess your soul in patience for three or four months the very thing you want will be along, but at any rate it's better than having no hope held out. Our sage reflections follow upon the request we had from a correspondent for biographical material on John Cowper Powys.

I want to know (*writes* W. C. D. of Lynn, Mass.) *if any biography or critique in book form has ever appeared with John Cowper Powys as the subject. . . . I want to purchase such a book if there is one.*

Pat to the moment comes an announcement from the novelist's publishers saying: "Before sailing for England, John Cowper Powys delivered the manuscript of his Autobiography to Simon & Schuster. Mr. Powys, after spending most of the last thirty years in America, has returned once more to his native land, where he plans to remain permanently. His Autobiography will be published on October eighth, his sixty-second birthday." There you are—nothing could be more authoritative. And there you are again, for there's the Englishman of it, going back home of course. Once an Englishman, always an Englishman. John Cowper's brother, Llewelyn Powys, who lived in these parts for a while, also returned to his native heath some time ago. Incidentally, some years ago he wrote a volume now, we think, out of print, entitled CONFESSIONS OF TWO BROTHERS which was an account of himself and John Cowper. If W. C. D. doesn't want to wait for the Autobiography he will find reliable information—brief, of course—in LIVING AUTHORS (Wilson).

WHERE TO GET LEISURE LEAGUE MATERIAL

So many inquiries have come to us in regard to the address of the publishers of Earnest Elmo Calkins's pamphlet, CARE AND FEEDING OF HOBBY HORSES, that for the convenience of our readers we print it here: Leisure League of America, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Also for the benefit of those whom it may concern we relay the information that the National Recovery Administration has printed the Report of the New York Committee on the Use of Leisure Time, a report specifically, of course, bearing upon the needs and opportunities of one section but containing much useful information and many fertile suggestions. A second League pamphlet is "Getting Acquainted with Your Children," by James W. Howard, with a foreword by Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MYSTERY AND MINETTE *Herbert Adams* (Lippincott: $2.)	Kidnapping, jewel robberies, impersonations (no murders) at French seaside resort and English village.	Adventure-romance with lovely English gal (under slight cloud) falling in love with lad from the States.	Time-Passer
THE BACHELOR FLAT MYSTERY *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Guilt for murder of man in London apartments points several directions. Long thread, but Tolefree unwinds it.	Well-devised situations, interesting characters. clever detection work.	Way above average
THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG *Eric Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Perry Mason uncloaks sinister train of events of which dog's howling serves warning.	Complications ingenious, tension well sustained, solution grisly.	Good
WHO KILLED THE DOCTORS? *Alan Peters* (Loring & Mussey: $2.)	English suburb has six M.D.'s with room for 3. Murderer reduces number swiftly until Inspector Robinson quells massacre.	They die by blunt instruments, poison (good old *curare*), and snickersnees, but net result is disappointing.	Fair

"Quite the best novel on its theme next to Feuchtwanger's *Geschwister Oppenheim*"—says Ludwig Lewisohn—"a book of creative depth and inner fire."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

UP in the mountains of New Hampshire I have found quite a few writers earnestly at work. But aside from the various books that they have on the stocks, they indulge their lighter moments also. Not that I do not consider what follows to be significant. It amused that fine critic, *Mary M. Colum,* to compose it, musing upon a certain contemporary tendency. I step aside to allow her to introduce

HIGH HAT POETRY

(1) As all the great poetry has been already written, what is needed for the poetry of the future is not persons who will write new poetry, but those who can arrange the old poetry in new combinations.

(2) There is no need for the poet of the future (that is, the poet from this time on) to interpolate lines of his own in the middle of those from dead masters, in the manner of the Eliot-Pound school. The best poetry can be made from the best poets, and none but the best lines need be used.

(3) Great care should be taken that the emotion is expressed with due regard for unity.

(4) The emotion expressed in the following poem is passionate despair. Lines of as far as possible equal intensity have been picked with careful spontaneity from five famous poets. The resulting form is dictated by the lines, and can be called free verse.

(5) As spontaneity is of the first importance, the poet should trust to his consciousness for the memory of poetry rather than delve ponderously into volumes of poetry, thus dissipating his emotions.

(6) The following poem was written in ten minutes:

REMORSE

Can we stifle the old, the long remorse?
In what filter, in what wine, in what tisane
Can we drown the old, the implacable remorse?
What have you done, oh you there
Weeping without ceasing. . . .
What have you done?

I have descended impassable rivers,
I have jostled incredible Floridas,
Glaciers, silver suns, waves of pearl, skies of embers.
Les transparents glaciers des vols qui n'ont pas fui;
I have wept too much,
Bitter love has engulphed me with enervating torpors,
O time suspend your flight!
I said to night Be slow,
But the dawn wiped out the night.

The dawns are anguish,
Every moon is terrible, every sun bitter,
My soul is tossed and tossed, a wreck
Without masts or fertile islands,
Upon a monstrous, shoreless sea.

THE SINGING HEART

The selected lyrics and other poems of *Clinton Scollard* have been chosen and edited with a memoir by his widow, *Jessie B. Rittenhouse,* and published by the Macmillan Company. Miss Rittenhouse is well known as an appreciator of poetry, compiler of many anthologies, and a delicate poet in her own right. The memoir of Mr. Scollard reveals a man of great charm, of numerous talents, and of a fine, loyal nature. A great deal of his poetry lacks the stamp of precise individuality. But, as instanced by the final poem in the volume, "The Sleeper," he was occasionally able to command a natural simplicity that in its complete lack of any affectation went, somehow, to the heart. He loved the Syrian East. "As I came down from Lebanon" is a poem that *Thomas Bailey Aldrich* would have liked to write; "Khamsin," a description of the wind of the desert that bears the plague, is truly memorable; and there is right sonority in the martial-sounding "Who Goes By," though it is but a description of high wind:

Who goes by like the sound of surges heard
on the Hebridean shore,
Or where the ice-packs grind and sunder,
off the verges of Labrador?

Who goes by like the avalanches at the
hands of the sun set free?
Who goes by like the draught of forges
under Ætna or Stromboli?

There is an adroit use of interior rhyming in this poem, illustrating the fact that, for all the apparent casualness of many of his verses, Mr. Scollard was a poet who studied his craft. In one of his lighter poems also appears an excellent verse, worthy of comparison with poems of the seventeenth century. It is this, addressed to a young girl:

It is not much I ask you—be
My sovereign expectancy,
Ever to run before me, so
I seem to know, yet do not know.

I am either very wrong indeed or those most fortunate phrases would have won the praise of *Ben Jonson.* Being fond of the Egyptian gods myself, I can also appreciate the following:

Time, the supreme iconoclast,
Peers from the cryptic eyes of Bast.
If you gaze long within those eyes
You will see naught to make you wise
Concerning Time, though all the past
Broods in the staring eyes of Bast.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

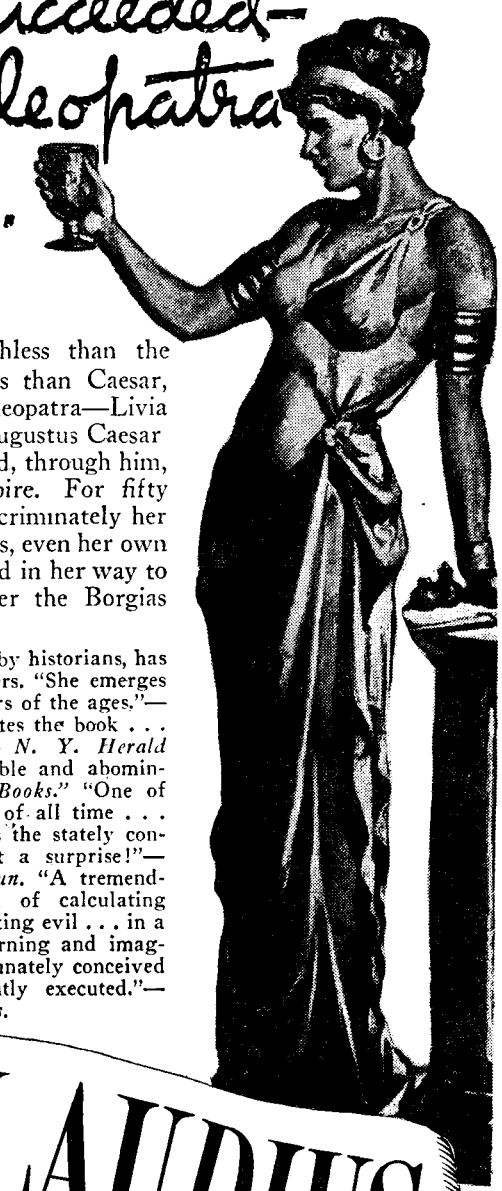
☞We were grieved to learn of the deaths of two good friends: Thomas L. Masson, long the managing editor of *Life,* a man of serious disposition who spent a great part of his career in composing jokes on a synthetic formula; and Thorne Smith, whose freakish fantasies of undress attained a wide sale. ☞The most horrible pun of recent years must be firmly held against Professor William Lyon Phelps. Presenting Mr. Judd, one of a distinguished family in Hawaii, for an honorary degree at Yale, he said that in Honolulu the rain falls on the Judds and the Unjudds. ☞As an emollient, we print Sam

PRESIDENTS ANGELL, ROOSEVELT, AND CONANT

Kravitt's snapshot of three Presidents (Yale, Harvard, and U. S. A.) at the New Haven gaudy. ☞The American Booksellers' Association has appointed a committee of authors, librarians, and critics to choose the 200 additional books to be donated by the Association to the library of the White House. ☞George Seiffert of Doubleday Doran is on a selling trip which will take him all the way to the Coast, where he will meet many old friends. ☞The Hampshire Bookshop issues a large map of Northampton, printed in four colors and "Historically, Tragically, and Humorously correct," designed by Priscilla Paine, $1.25. From this we first learned that Dinosaur vestiges have been found on the river bank a few miles below Northampton. ☞But are they quite sure that these were not the spoor of boys from Yale College? Or some fragments of prose from Gerald Stanley Lee?

☞The American Merchant Marine Library Association (67 Wall St., N. Y. City) which gratefully accepts books for circulation in ship libraries, put 1019 different collections of books aboard 619 vessels during the first four months of this year. ☞Among AMMLA'S excellent anecdotes is that of the sympathetic lady who visited the engine-room of a freighter. "But you don't have to work on Sundays, too?" she asked. "It's this way," replied the junior engineer; "we get up a good head of steam Saturday afternoon and coast all day Sunday." ☞Interested to see that queer old book *The Life of John Buncle* (1756), which gave Charles Lamb so much pleasure, appearing in the catalogue of Arthur Rogers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for 17/6. But weren't there *two* volumes of it? Lamb grieved, we remember, that someone borrowed one of them and didn't return it.

Livia succeeded—where Cleopatra failed...



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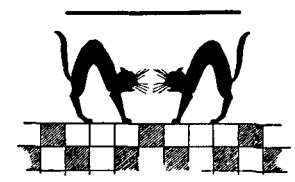

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